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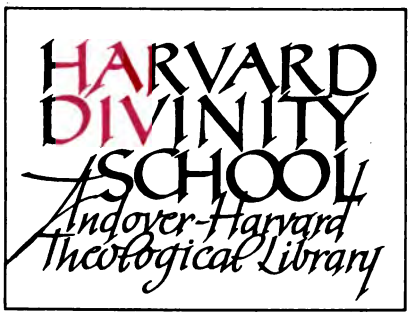

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CHURCH SONG.

A COMPILATION OF

PSALMS AND HYMNS

For Anglican Use.

BY THE

REV. W. J. BEAMONT, M.A.

FELLOW OF TRINITY COLLEGE; INCUMBENT OF ST. MICHAEL'S CHURCH, CAMBRIDGE.

"In the midst of the Church will I sing praise unto Thee."

Cambridge:

JONATHAN PALMER.

1866.

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PREFACE.

To all who have permitted me to insert in this compilation Hymns of which they were the authors, translators, or publishers, I render hearty thanks. Amongst such I may mention the Very Rev. the Dean of Canterbury, the Very Rev. the Dean of St. Paul's, the Ven. the Archdeacon of Westminster, the Rev. John Keble, M.A., the Rev. J. M. Neale, M.A., the Rev. J. F. Thrupp, M.A., Miss Winkworth, Messrs. Longman, Messrs. Bell and Daldy, and the Editor of Hymns Ancient and Modern.

The reason that I have ventured to add another Hymnal to the many already in existence is simply that my Congregation and myself desired a greater variety of Psalms and Hymns than we have in use at present, and that I could find no collection which would supply our want in this respect, and would at the same time enable us to retain many Hymns that have long been favourites amongst us.

May the Author of all good help us to sing His praise and do His will on earth, that we may join the chorus of the multitude whose voices, like the sound of many waters, resound with celestial hallelujahs in the courts of Heaven!

W. J. B.

TRIN. COLL.
Christmas, 1865.

PSALMS.

PSALM I. C. M.

HOW blest is he who ne'er consents
By ill advice to walk,
Nor stands in sinners' ways, nor sits
Where men profanely talk.

But makes the perfect law of God
His business and delight;
Devoutly reads therein by day,
And meditates by night.

Like some fair tree, which, fed by streams,
With timely fruit does bend,
He still shall flourish, and success
All his designs attend.

For God approves the just man's ways,
To happiness they tend;
But sinners, and the paths they tread,
Shall both in ruin end.

PSALM III. C. M.

THOU, gracious Lord, art my defence;
On Thee my hopes rely;
Thou art my glory, and shalt yet
Lift up my head on high.

Since whensoe'er in like distress
To God I made my prayer,
He heard me from His holy hill,
Why should I now despair?

Guarded by Him, I laid me down
My sweet repose to take;
For I through Him securely sleep,
Through Him in safety wake.

Salvation to the Lord belongs,
He only can defend;
His blessing He extends to all
That on His power depend.

PSALM V. C. M.

LORD, in the morning Thou shalt hear
My voice ascending high;
To Thee will I direct my prayer,
To Thee lift up mine eye:

Up to the hills where Christ is gone
To plead for all His saints,
Presenting at His Father's throne
Our songs and our complaints.

Oft to Thy house will I resort,
To taste Thy mercies there;
I will frequent Thy holy court,
And worship in Thy fear.

Oh, may Thy Spirit guide my feet
In ways of righteousness;
Make every path of duty straight
And plain before my face.

PSALM VI. L. M.

HAVE mercy, Lord; Thy suppliant save,
And heal the wounds Thy justice gave;
Nor bid Thy fearful judgments roll
In angry billows o'er my soul.

My trembling heart bemoans its sin,
And feels the bitter pangs within:
O God, my help, in pity save,
For who shall thank Thee in the grave?

How long the weary night appears!
My couch is watered with my tears:
Reviled by those who fear not Thee,
My strength consumes with misery.

Yet shall my heavy heart rejoice,
For God regards my mournful voice:
My God shall bid the wicked cease,
Receive my prayer, and give me peace.

PSALM VII. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

O THOU, the Holy and the Just,
My God, in Whom I place my trust,
Deliver me from woe:
Preserve me with Thy watchful care,
Nor leave my helpless soul to bear
The vengeance of the foe.

O let the cause of truth prevail;
Let every evil project fail
That wicked men devise:
Thy wrath, O Lord, will fiercely burn
Against the souls that will not turn
From vanity and lies.

But Thou, Who searchest every heart,
Wilt never let Thy love depart
From one who seeks Thy face:
Thou art my help, and I will raise
To Thee the voice of constant praise,
For Thine unbounded grace.

PSALM VIII. C. M.

O THOU, to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

In heaven Thy wondrous acts are sung,
Nor fully reckoned there;
And yet Thou mak'st the infant tongue
Thy boundless praise declare.

When heaven, Thy beauteous work on high,
Employs my wondering sight,
The moon, that nightly rules the sky,
With stars of feebler light;

What's man, O Lord, that Thou shouldst love
To keep him in Thy mind?
His offspring what, that Thou shouldst prove
To them so wondrous kind?

O Thou, to Whom all creatures bow
Within this earthly frame,
Through all the world how great art Thou!
How glorious is Thy name!

PSALM IX. C. M.

TO celebrate Thy praise, O Lord,
I will my heart prepare;
To all the listening world Thy works,
Thy wondrous works, declare.

The thought of them shall to my soul
  Exalted pleasure bring;
Whilst to Thy Name, O Thou most High,
  Triumphant praise I sing.

All those who have His goodness proved,
  Will in His truth confide;
Whose mercy ne'er forsook the man
  That on His help relied.

Sing praises, therefore, to the Lord,
  From Sion, His abode;
Proclaim His deeds, till all the world
  Confess no other God.

PSALM XV. C. M.

LORD, who 's the happy man that may
  To Thy blest courts repair;
Not stranger-like to visit them,
  But to inhabit there?

The man who walks in pious ways,
  And works with righteous hands;
Who trusts his Maker's promises,
  And follows His commands:

Who speaks the meaning of his heart,
  Nor slanders with his tongue;
Who scarce believes an ill report,
  To do his neighbour wrong.

This is the man, who, raised from death,
  Shall reach that high abode,
Where all the spirits of the just
  Are perfect with their God.

PSALM XVI. L. M.

GOD of our life! our souls defend:
On Thee our stedfast hopes depend:
Thee, Lord, we bless, our faithful Guide,
Whose counsels o'er our life preside.

In all our acts, in each intent,
Thee to our minds, our thoughts present;
And undismayed we see Thee stand
A tower of strength at our right hand.

For this our heart, for this our tongue,
Shall meditate the joyful song:
Hope e'en in death shall be our guest,
And smooth the pillow of our rest.

Thou from the grave Thy saints shalt free;
For, though their flesh corruption see,
Waking from death, before their eyes
The opening paths of life shall rise.

To those blest paths Thy servants lead,
That they, from all their sorrow freed,
Fulness of joy in heaven may share,
And everlasting pleasures there.

PSALM XVIII. L. M.

NO change of times shall ever shock
My firm affection, Lord, to Thee;
For Thou hast always been my rock,
A fortress and defence to me.

Thou my deliverer art, my God;
My trust is in Thy mighty power:
Thou art my shield from foes abroad,
At home my safeguard and my tower.

To Thee I will address my prayer,
To Whom all praise we justly owe;
So shall I, by Thy watchful care,
Be guarded from my treacherous foe.

To heaven I made my mournful prayer,
To God addressed my humble moan;
Who graciously inclined His ear,
And heard me from His lofty throne.

PSALM XIX. L. M.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.

The unwearied sun from day to day
Doth his Creator's power display,
And publisheth to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:

While all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence all
Move round this dark terrestrial ball?
What, though no real voice or sound
Amid their radiant orbs be found?

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice,
For ever singing, as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine!"

PSALM XXIII. P. M.

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care:
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye:
My noon-day walks He shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps He leads;
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My stedfast heart shall fear no ill,
For Thou, O Lord, art with me still:
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

PSALM XXIV. C. M.

ERECT your heads, eternal gates,
Unfold to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes
With His celestial train.

Who is this King of glory? Who?
The Lord for strength renowned;
In battle mighty, o'er His foes
Eternal Victor crowned.

Erect your heads, ye gates, unfold,
In state to entertain
The King of glory; see, He comes,
With all His shining train.

Who is this King of glory? Who?
The Lord of hosts renowned;
Of glory He alone is King,
Who is with glory crowned.

PSALM XXVIII. 7s.

LORD, my strength, to Thee I pray;
Turn not Thou Thine ear away;
Gracious to my vows attend,
While the humble knee I bend.

On Thy long-expected aid
See my hope for ever stayed:
Thou my shield, my fortress art;
Thou, the refuge of my heart.

Grant me, Lord, Thy love to share;
Feed me with a shepherd's care;
Save Thy people from distress,
And Thy fold for ever bless.

PSALM XXIX. L. M.

GIVE to the Lord, ye sons of fame,
Give to the Lord renown and power;
Ascribe due honours to His name,
And His eternal might adore.

The Lord proclaims His power aloud
Over the ocean and the land:
His voice divides the watery cloud,
And lightnings blaze at His command.

To Lebanon He turns His voice,
And, lo, the stately cedars break:
The mountains tremble at the noise,
The valleys roar, the deserts quake.

The Lord sits sovereign on the flood,
The Thunderer reigns for ever King;
But makes His Church His blest abode,
Where we His awful glories sing.

In gentler language there the Lord
The counsels of His grace imparts:
Amid the raging storm His word
Speaks peace and courage to our hearts.

PSALM XXX. L. M.

I WILL extol Thee, Lord, on high:
At Thy command diseases fly:
Who but a God can speak and save
From the dark borders of the grave?

Sing to the Lord, ye saints of His,
And tell how large His goodness is:
Let all your powers rejoice and bless,
While you record His holiness.

His anger but a moment stays;
His love is life and length of days:
Though grief and tears the night employ,
The morning-star restores the joy.

My tongue, the glory of my frame,
Shall ne'er be silent of Thy name:
Thy praise shall sound thro' earth and heaven,
For sickness healed, and sins forgiven.

PSALM XXXI. C. M.

DEFEND me, Lord, from shame,
For still I trust in Thee:
As just and righteous is Thy Name,
From danger set me free.

Bow down Thy gracious ear,
And speedy succour send;
Do Thou my stedfast Rock appear,
To shelter and defend.

Whate'er events betide,
Thy wisdom times them all:
Then, Lord, Thy servant safely hide
From those that seek his fall.

How great Thy mercies are
To such as fear Thy name!
Which Thou, for those that trust Thy care,
Dost to the world proclaim.

Ye that on God rely,
Courageously proceed:
He will your hearts with strength supply
In every time of need.

PSALM XXXII. S. M.

OH, blessed souls are they,
Whose sins are covered o'er;
Divinely blest, to whom the Lord
Imputes their guilt no more!

They mourn their follies past,
And keep their hearts with care:
Their lips and lives without deceit
Shall prove their faith sincere.

While I concealed my guilt,
I felt the festering wound;
Till I confessed my sins to Thee,
And ready pardon found.

Let sinners learn to pray;
Let saints keep near the throne:
Our help, in times of deep distress,
Is found in God alone.

PSALM XXXIII. C. M.

LET all the just to God with joy
Their cheerful voices raise;
For well the righteous it becomes
To sing glad songs of praise.

How faithful is the word of God!
His works with truth abound;
He justice loves, and all the earth
Is with His goodness crowned.

How happy, then, are they to whom
The Lord as God is known;
Whom He, from all the world beside,
Hath chosen for His own.

The riches of Thy mercy, Lord,
Do Thou to us extend;
Since we, for all we want or wish,
On Thee alone depend.

PSALM XXXIV. C. M.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of His deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distrest
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

O magnify the Lord with me,
With me exalt His Name:
When in distress to Him I called,
He to my rescue came.

O make but trial of His love;
Experience will decide
How blest are they, and only they,
Who in His truth confide.

Fear Him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear:
Make you His service your delight,
Your wants shall be His care.

PSALM XXXVI. L. M.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens Thy designs.

Thy providence is kind and large;
Both man and beast Thy bounty share:
The whole creation is Thy charge,
But saints are Thy peculiar care.

My God, how excellent Thy grace,
Whence all our hope and comfort springs!
The sons of Adam in distress
Fly to the shadow of Thy wings.

From the provisions of Thy house
We shall be fed with sweet repast:
There mercy like a river flows,
And brings salvation to our taste.

Life, like a fountain rich and free,
Springs from the presence of the Lord;
And in Thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in Thy word.

PSALM XXXVIII. C. M.

AMIDST Thy wrath remember love;
Restore Thy servant, Lord;
Nor let a Father's chastening prove
Like an avenger's sword.

My sins a heavy load appear,
And o'er my head are gone;
Too heavy they for me to bear,
Too hard for me to atone.

My thoughts are like a troubled sea,
My head still bending down;
And I go mourning all the day
Beneath my Father's frown.

All my desire to Thee is known,
Thine eye counts every tear;
And every sigh, and every groan,
Is noticed by Thine ear.

My God, forgive my follies past,
And be for ever nigh:
O Lord of my salvation, haste,
Before Thy servant die!

PSALM XL. L. M.

I WAITED meekly for the Lord,
Till He vouchsafed a kind reply:
He did His gracious ear afford,
And heard from heaven my humble cry.

How shall my grateful heart recount
The works, O God, which Thou hast wrought?
The treasures of Thy love surmount
The power of numbers, speech, and thought.

I know that Thou hast not desired
Offerings and sacrifice alone;
Nor blood of guiltless beasts required
For man's transgression to atone.

O help me therefore to fulfil
The sacred truth Thy words impart:
Make me to love Thy perfect will,
And write Thy law upon my heart.

PSALM XLII. L. M.

AS pants the hart for cooling springs,
So longs my soul, O King of kings,
Thy face in near approach to see;
So thirsts, great Source of life, for Thee.

Thy mercies, Lord, before my eyes
Shall yet in sweet remembrance rise:
Amidst the storm, amidst the wave,
Thy love the beams of comfort gave.

Thy Name to rapture prompts my tongue,
My joy by day, by night my song:
To Thee my soul ascends in prayer,
And in Thy bosom pours its care.

Then why, my soul, with care opprest?
And whence the woes that fill my breast?
In all thy cares, in all thy woes,
On God thy stedfast hope repose.

PSALM XLII. C. M.

AFFLICTION is a stormy deep,
Where wave resounds to wave:
Though o'er my head the billows roll,
I know the Lord can save.

The hand that now withholds my joys,
Can yet restore my peace;
And He who bade the tempest roar,
Can bid the tempest cease.

In the dark watches of the night
I'll count His mercies o'er;
I'll praise Him for ten thousand past,
And humbly sue for more.

Here will I rest, and build my hopes,
Nor murmur at His rod:
He's more than all the world to me,
My health, my life, my God.

PSALM XLIII. L. M.

MY gracious God, I breathe to Thee
My earnest hope, my fervent prayer;
From all my sorrows set me free,
From all the ills I dread, or bear.

Let me with light and truth be blest,
To lead me safely in Thy way:
Till on Thy holy hill I rest,
And in Thy sacred temple pray.

Then to Thine altar will I go,
To Thee, my God, my only joy;
My grateful heart with love shall glow,
While songs of praise my lips employ.

Then why cast down, my soul, and why
So much opprest with doubt and fear?
On God, thy God, for help rely;
His grace the troubled heart will cheer.

PSALM XLIV. 7.7.7.7.7.7.

LORD, to us our sires have told
All Thy wondrous deeds of old,
How Thy strong and powerful hand
Drove the heathen from the land,
How with peace Thy people blest
Enter'd on their promised rest.

Not by mortal's feeble sword,
Not by arm of flesh, O Lord,
But by Thine, and Thine alone,
Were their numerous foes o'erthrown.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

Helpless we in danger's hour,
Weak our arms, and vain our power;
Yet, by Thy Almighty aid,
We are more than conquerors made.
Thine the voice the world obeys;
Lord, to Thee be all the praise.

PSALM XLVI. C. M.

GOD is our refuge, tried and proved,
Amid a stormy world;
We will not fear though earth be moved,
And hills in ocean hurled.

The waves may roar, the mountains shake,
Our comforts shall not cease:
The Lord His saints will not forsake;
The Lord will give us peace.

A gentle stream of hope and love
To us shall ever flow:
It issues from His throne above,
It cheers His Church below.

When earth and hell against us came,
He spake and quelled their powers;
The Lord of Hosts is still the same,
The God of grace is ours.

PSALM XLVII. C. M.

OH for a shout of sacred joy
To God, the sovereign King!
Let every land their tongues employ,
And hymns of triumph sing.

Jesus our God ascends on high;
His heavenly guards around
Attend Him rising through the sky
With trumpet's joyful sound.

While angels shout and praise their King,
Let mortals learn their strains:
Let all the earth His honours sing;
O'er all the earth He reigns.

Rehearse His praise with awe profound;
Let knowledge lead the song;
Nor mock Him with a solemn sound
Upon a thoughtless tongue.

PSALM XLVIII. S. M.

GREAT is the Lord our God,
And let His praise be great:
He makes His churches His abode,
His most delightful seat.

In Zion God is known,
A refuge in distress:
How bright hath His salvation shone
Through all her palaces!

Oft have our fathers told,
Our eyes have often seen,
How well our God secures the fold
Where His own sheep have been.

In every new distress
We'll to His house repair;
We'll think upon His wondrous grace,
And seek deliverance there.

PSALM LIV. S. M.

MY God, Thy servant save,
For gracious is Thy name;
Thy strength can raise me from the grave,
Then hear my humble claim.

To Thee I lift my cries;
Thy sovereign aid prepare,
For powers of earth and hell devise
To sink me in despair.

Lo! God, my guardian, near,
Shall all my foes control:
The Lord in mercy shall appear
With those who help my soul.

With cheerful mind, O Lord,
I'll all Thy praise proclaim:
'Tis sweet, 'tis pleasant, to record
The wonders of Thy Name.

PSALM LVII. L. M.

O GOD, my heart is fixed and bent,
Its thankful tribute to present;
And with my heart my voice I'll raise
To Thee, my God, in songs of praise.

Awake, my glory; harp and lute,
No longer let your strings be mute;
And I, my tuneful part to take,
Will with the early dawn awake.

Thy praises, Lord, I will resound
To all the listening nations round:
Thy mercy highest heaven transcends,
Thy truth beyond the clouds extends.

Be Thou, O God, exalted high;
And as Thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till Thou art here, as there, obeyed.

PSALM LIX. L. M.

NOW to Thy power the song I'll raise;
My God, Thy mercy claims my praise;
I'll lift on high my early voice,
While in Thy mercy I rejoice.

In the dark day, when troubles rose,
I bade my soul on Thee repose;
Thine arm of everlasting power,
My sure defence, my refuge tower.

To Thee, my strength, the song I'll frame,
Thee still my sure defence I'll claim;
And while Thy mercies endless flow,
My God, Thy endless praise I'll show.

PSALM LXIII. C. M.

EARLY, my God, without delay,
I haste to seek Thy face;
My thirsty spirit faints away
Without Thy cheering grace.

I've seen Thy glory and Thy power
Through all Thy temple shine:
My God, repeat that heavenly hour,
That vision so divine.

Not all the blessings of a feast
Can please my soul so well,
As when Thy richer grace I taste,
And in Thy presence dwell.

Not life itself, with all its joys,
Can my best passions move,
Or raise so high my cheerful voice,
As Thy forgiving love.

Thus, till my last expiring day,
I'll bless my God and King;
Thus will I lift my hands to pray,
And tune my lips to sing.

PSALM LXIV. L. M.

HEAR me, O God! my voice attend,
While at Thy throne in prayer I bend;
Preserve my life when danger's near,
From every foe, from every fear.

O hide me from the secret snare,
When sin and death their darts prepare;
From powers of earth and hell combined,
Let me in Thee my refuge find.

For glory shall adorn the just,
While in Jehovah's name they trust:
Eternal songs their joys proclaim,
Who love His word, and fear His name.

PSALM LXV. C. M.

'TIS by Thy strength the mountains stand,
God of eternal power;
The sea grows calm at Thy command,
And tempests cease to roar.

Thy morning light, and evening shade,
Successive comforts bring;
Thy plenteous fruits make harvest glad,
Thy flowers adorn the spring.

Seasons and times, and moons and hours,
Heaven, earth, and air are Thine;
When clouds distil in fruitful showers,
The author is divine.

The thirsty ridges drink their fill,
And ranks of corn appear:
Thy paths abound with blessings still;
Thy goodness crowns the year.

PSALM LXVI. C. M.

LET all the lands with shouts of joy
To God their voices raise;
Sing psalms in honour of His Name,
And spread His glorious praise.

Through all the earth the nations round
Shall Thee their God confess;
And with glad hymns their awful dread
Of Thy great Name express.

O come, behold the works of God,
And then with me you'll own,
That He to all the sons of men
Has wondrous judgments shown.

He by His power for ever rules;
His eyes the world survey;
Let no presumptuous man rebel
Against His sovereign sway.

PSALM LXVII. S. M.

TO bless Thy chosen race
In mercy, Lord, incline;
And cause the brightness of Thy face
On all Thy saints to shine:

That so Thy wondrous way
May through the world be known;
While distant lands their tribute pay,
And Thy salvation own.

Let differing nations join
To celebrate Thy fame:
Let all the world, O Lord, combine
To praise Thy glorious Name.

Oh, let them shout and sing
With joy and pious mirth;
For Thou, the righteous Judge and King,
Shalt govern all the earth.

PSALM LXIX. L. M.

GOD of my life! to Thee I call,
Afflicted at Thy feet I fall:
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where shall I lodge my deep complaint?
Where but with Thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor?

Did ever mourner plead with Thee,
And Thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not the word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek Thy face in vain?

Hard were the woes of life to bear,
Didst Thou not hear and answer prayer;
But Thou wilt listen from on high,
And all my inmost wants supply.

If poor, unknown, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

PSALM LXXI. C. M.

WHEN all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported by the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
  Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
  From whom those comforts flowed.

When worn by sickness, oft hast Thou
  With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
  Revived my soul with grace.

Through every period of my life
  Thy goodness I'll pursue;
And after death in distant worlds
  The glorious theme renew.

PSALM LXXII. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
  Does His successive journeys run;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To Him shall endless prayer be made,
And praises throng to crown His head:
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on His love with sweetest song;
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on His name.

Blessings abound where'er He reigns;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains;
The weary find eternal rest;
And all the sons of want are blest.

Where He displays His healing power,
Death and the curse are known no more:
In Him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise and bring
Peculiar honours to our King;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen.

PSALM LXXIII. C. M.

WHOM have we, Lord, in heaven, but Thee;
And whom on earth beside;
Where else for succour shall we flee,
Or in whose strength confide?

Thou art our portion here below,
Our promised bliss above;
Nor can our souls an object know
So precious as Thy love.

When heart and flesh, O Lord, shall fail,
Thou wilt our spirits cheer;
Support us through life's thorny vale,
And calm each anxious fear.

Yes, Thou, our only guide through life,
Shalt help and strength supply;
Support us in death's fearful strife,
Then welcome us on high.

PSALM LXXV. 6.8.6.8.8.6.

THAT Thou, O Lord, art ever nigh,
Though veiled in awful majesty,
Thy mighty works declare:
Thy hand this earthly frame upholds,
Thine eye the universe beholds
With universal care.

Thou settest up, and pullest down:
The ruler's power, the monarch's crown,
  Thy hands alone bestow:
In Thee all creatures live and move;
Thou reign'st supreme in heaven above,
  And in the earth below.

Great King of kings, and Lord of lords,
Whose hand chastises and rewards,
  Thee only we adore:
To Thee the voice of praise shall rise,
In hallelujahs to the skies,
  Till time shall be no more.

PSALM LXXVI. 6.6.6.6.8.8.

THY glories, mighty God,
  Alone our reverence claim:
Thy works declare abroad
  How awful is Thy Name:
Thy judgments near, Thine anger shown,
Who dares appear before Thy throne!

Let man his anger raise,
  His utmost strength is vain;
His wrath shall work Thy praise;
  His rage wilt Thou restrain:
Then still obey the eternal King:
Your homage pay, your offerings bring.

Let all, who round His throne
  With holy gifts draw near,
There lay their offerings down,
  And serve with holy fear:
The world shall know Thy terrors, Lord.
And princes bow before Thy word.

PSALM LXXX. L. M.

O ISRAEL's Shepherd, Joseph's Guide!
Our prayers to Thee vouchsafe to hear:
Thou that didst on the cherubs ride,
Again in solemn state appear.

Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

O Thou, Whom heavenly hosts obey,
How long shall Thy fierce anger burn,
How long Thy suffering people pray,
And to their prayers have no return?

Do Thou convert us, Lord; do Thou
The lustre of Thy face display;
And all the ills we suffer now,
Like scattered clouds, shall pass away.

PSALM LXXXI. C. M.

O GOD, our strength, to Thee our song
With grateful hearts we raise;
To Thee, and Thee alone, belong
All worship, love, and praise.

In trouble's dark and stormy hour
Thine ear hath heard our prayer;
And graciously Thine arm of power
Hath saved us from despair.

And Thou, O ever gracious Lord,
Wilt keep Thy promise still,
If, meekly hearkening to Thy word,
We strive to do Thy will.

Led by the light Thy grace imparts,
  Ne'er may we bow the knee
To idols, which our wayward hearts
  Set up instead of Thee.

PSALM LXXXIV. C. M.

O GOD of hosts, the mighty Lord,
  How lovely is the place,
Where Thou, enthroned in glory, shew'st
  The brightness of Thy face!

O Lord of hosts, my King and God,
  How highly blest are they,
Who in Thy temple always dwell,
  And there Thy praise display!

Thrice happy they, whose choice has Thee
  Their sure protection made;
Who long to tread the sacred ways
  That to Thy dwelling lead!

They shall proceed from strength to strength,
  And still approach more near;
Till all on Zion's holy mount
  Before their God appear.

PSALM LXXXVII. 8.7.8.7.8.7.8.7.

GLORIOUS things of Thee are spoken,
  Sion, City of our God!
He, whose word can ne'er be broken,
  Formed thee for His own abode.
On the Rock of Ages founded,
  What can shake Thy sure repose?
With salvation's walls surrounded,
  Thou mayst smile at all Thy foes.

Lord, if Thou in Sion's city
  Wilt record our worthless name,
Let the world deride or pity,
  We may well endure the shame:
Here the streams of living waters,
  Springing from eternal love,
Flow to cheer Thy sons and daughters,
  And all dread of want remove.

PSALM XC. C. M.

O LORD, the Saviour and defence
  Of us Thy chosen race,
From age to age Thou still hast been
  Our sure abiding-place.

Thou turnest man, O Lord, to dust,
  Of which he first was made;
And when Thou speak'st the word, "Return,"
  'Tis instantly obeyed.

For in Thy sight a thousand years
  Are like a day that's past,
Or like a watch in dead of night,
  Whose hours unminded waste.

So teach us, Lord, the uncertain sum
  Of our short days to mind,
That to true wisdom all our hearts
  May ever be inclined.

PSALM XCII. L. M.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
  To praise Thy name, give thanks and sing;
To shew Thy love by morning light,
And talk of all Thy truth at night,

Sweet is the day of sacred rest;
No earthly cares shall fill my breast;
Oh, may my heart in tune be found,
Like David's harp of solemn sound.

My heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And bless His works, and bless His word:
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine!
How deep Thy counsels, how divine!

Oh, may we see, and hear, and know
What mortals cannot hear below,
May all our powers find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

PSALM XCIII. L. M.

WITH glory clad, with strength arrayed,
The Lord, that o'er all nature reigns,
The world's foundations strongly laid,
And the vast fabric still sustains.

How surely stablished is Thy throne,
Which shall no change or period see:
For Thou, O Lord, and Thou alone,
Art God from all eternity.

The floods, O Lord, lift up their voice,
And toss their troubled waves on high;
But God above can still their noise,
And make the angry sea comply.

Thy promise, Lord, is ever sure,
And they that in Thy house would dwell,
That happy station to secure,
Must still in holiness excel.

PSALM XCIII. P. M.

YE servants of God, your Master proclaim,
And publish abroad His wonderful Name:
The Name all-victorious of Jesus extol;
His kingdom is glorious, and rules over all.

God ruleth on high, almighty to save;
And still He is nigh; His presence we have:
The great congregation His triumph shall sing,
Ascribing salvation to Jesus our King.

Then let us adore, and give Him His right,
All glory and power, and wisdom and might,
All honour and blessing, with angels above,
And thanks never-ceasing, and infinite love.

PSALM XCV. L. M.

O COME, loud anthems let us sing,
Loud thanks to our almighty King;
For we our voices high should raise,
When our Salvation's Rock we praise.

Into His presence let us haste,
To thank Him for His favours past;
To Him address, in joyful songs,
The praise that to His Name belongs.

For God, the Lord, enthroned in state,
Is with unrivalled glory great;
A King superior far to all
Whom kings or gods the nations call.

O let us to His courts repair,
And bow with adoration there;
Down on our knees devoutly all
Before the Lord our Maker fall.

PSALM XCVI. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

LET all the earth their voices raise,
To sing their choicest psalm of praise,
And bless Jehovah's sacred Name:
His glory let the heathen know,
His wonders to the nations shew,
And all His mighty works proclaim.

O come the great, the glorious hour,
When earth shall feel His sovereign power,
And distant people all obey:
Then shall the race of man confess
The beauty of His holiness,
And in His courts His grace display.

PSALM XCVIII. C. M.

JOY to the world! the Lord is come:
Let earth receive her King:
Let every heart prepare Him room,
And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
Let men their songs employ;
While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
Nor thorns infest the ground:
He comes to make His blessings flow
Far as the curse is found.

He rules the world with truth and grace,
And makes the nations prove
The glories of His righteousness,
And wonders of His love.

PSALM XCIX. S. M.

THE Lord Jehovah reigns;
Let all the nations fear:
Let sinners tremble at His throne,
And saints be humble there.

Jesus the Saviour reigns;
Let earth adore its Lord:
Bright cherubs His attendants stand,
Swift to fulfil His word.

In Zion is His throne,
His honours are divine:
His Church shall make His wonders known,
For there His glories shine.

How holy is His Name!
How terrible His praise!
Justice, and truth, and judgment join
In all His works of grace.

PSALM C. L. M.

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice:
Him serve with fear, His praise forth tell;
Come ye before Him, and rejoice.

The Lord, ye know, is God indeed;
Without our aid He did us make:
We are His flock, He doth us feed;
And for His sheep He doth us take.

O enter then His gates with praise,
Approach with joy His courts unto;
Praise, laud, and bless His Name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? the Lord our God is good:
His mercy is for ever sure:
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

PSALM C. L. M.

BEFORE Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy:
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and He destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men;
And when like wandering sheep we strayed,
He brought us to His fold again.

We are His people, we His care,
Our souls, and all our mortal frame:
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to Thy name?

We 'll crowd Thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill Thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is Thy command;
Vast as eternity Thy love;
Firm as a rock Thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

PSALM CI. C. M.

LORD, when I lift my voice to Thee,
To Whom all praise belongs,
Thy justice and Thy love shall be
The subject of my songs.

Let wisdom o'er my heart preside,
To lead my footsteps right;
And make Thy perfect law my guide,
Thy service my delight.

From wicked men I will withdraw,
All sinful ways forsake;
And only those who love Thy law
For my companions take.

Lord, that I may not go astray,
Thy constant grace impart;
O guide me in Thy holy way,
And fix my wandering heart.

PSALM CIV. L. M.

BLESS God, O my soul, rejoice in His name;
O Lord, let my voice Thy greatness proclaim!
Surpassing in honour, dominion, and might,
Thy throne is the heaven, Thy robe is the light.

The sky we behold a curtain displayed;
The chambers of heaven on waters are laid:
The clouds are a chariot Thy glory to bear;
On winds Thou art wafted, and ridest on air.

As rapid as fire, Thy angels on high
Convey Thy commands; Thy ministers fly:
The earth, on its basis eternal sustained,
Is fixed in the station Thy wisdom ordained.

The moon gives her light, obeying Thy will;
The sun goeth down, Thy law to fulfil.
Such, Lord, is the wisdom Thy works all proclaim: [Name.
Let earth, crowned with riches, rejoice in Thy

PSALM CVI. L. M.

O RENDER thanks to God above,
The fountain of eternal love;
Whose mercy firm through ages past
Has stood, and shall for ever last.

Who can His mighty deeds express,
Not only vast, but numberless?
What mortal eloquence can raise
A tribute equal to His praise?

Happy are they, and only they,
Who from His judgments do not stray;
Who know and do His perfect will,
And all His righteous laws fulfil.

Extend to me that favour, Lord,
Thou to Thy chosen dost afford:
When Thou return'st to set them free,
Let Thy salvation visit me.

Oh, may I worthy prove, to see
Thy saints in full prosperity;
That I the joyful choir may join,
And count Thy people's triumph mine.

PSALM CXI. L. M.

O PRAISE the Lord! our God to praise
My soul her utmost powers shall raise;
With private friends, and in the throng
Of saints, His praise shall be my song.

His works, for greatness though renowned,
His wondrous works, with ease are found
By those who seek for them aright,
And in the pious search delight.

His works are all of matchless fame,
And universal glory claim:
His truth, confirmed through ages past,
Shall to eternal ages last.

By precept He hath us enjoined
To keep His wondrous works in mind;
And to posterity record,
That "good and gracious is the Lord."

PSALM CXIII. PART I. 8.8.8.8.8.8.

YE saints and servants of the Lord,
The triumphs of His Name record;
His sacred Name for ever bless:
Where'er the circling sun displays
His rising beams or setting rays,
Due praise to His great Name address.

God through the world extends His sway;
The regions of eternal day
But shadows of His glory are:
With Him Whose majesty excels,
Who made the heaven in which He dwells,
Let no created power compare.

Though 'tis beneath His state to view
In highest heaven what angels do,
Yet He to earth vouchsafes His care:
He takes the needy from his cell,
Advancing him in courts to dwell,
Companion to the greatest there.

PSALM CXIII. PART II. L. M.

SERVANTS of God, His praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's Name:
That glorious Name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.

Blest be that Name, supremely blest,
From the sun's rising to its rest:
Above the heavens His power is known,
Through all the earth His goodness shown.

Who is like God?—So great, so high,
He bows Himself to view the sky;
And yet, with condescending grace,
Looks down upon the human race.

Servants of God, His praise proclaim,
Extol the Lord Jehovah's Name:
That glorious Name let all adore
From age to age for evermore.

PSALM CXVII. L. M.

FROM all that dwell below the skies
Let the Creator's praise arise:
Let the Redeemer's Name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.

Eternal are Thy mercies, Lord;
Eternal truth attends Thy word:
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more.

PSALM CXVIII. C. M.

THIS is the day the Lord hath made,
He calls the hours His own;
Let heaven rejoice, let earth be glad,
And praise surround the throne.

To-day He rose and left the dead,
And Satan's empire fell:
To-day the saints His triumph spread,
And all His wonders tell.

Hosanna to the anointed King,
To David's holy Son!
Help us, O Lord! descend and bring
Salvation from Thy throne.

Blest be the Lord, Who comes to men
With messages of grace;
Who comes in God His Father's Name
To save our sinful race.

Hosanna in the highest strains
The Church on earth can raise!
The highest heavens in which He reigns
Shall give Him nobler praise

PSALM CXIX. PART I. C. M.

HOW shall the young secure their hearts,
And guard their lives from sin?
Thy Word the choicest rules imparts
To keep the conscience clean.

When once it enters to the mind,
It spreads such light abroad,
The meanest souls instruction find,
And raise their thoughts to God.

'Tis like the sun, a heavenly light,
That guides us all the day;
And through the dangers of the night
A lamp to lead our way.

Thy precepts make me truly wise:
I hate the sinner's road;
I hate my own vain thoughts that rise,
But love Thy law, my God.

Thy Word is everlasting truth;
How pure is every page!
That holy book shall guide our youth,
And well support our age.

PSALM CXIX. PART II. C. M.

OH that the Lord would guide my ways
To keep His statutes still!
Oh that my God would grant me grace
To know and do His will!

O send Thy Spirit down to write
Thy law upon my heart;
Nor let my tongue indulge deceit,
Nor act the liar's part.

From vanity turn off mine eyes;
Let no corrupt design,
Nor covetous desires, arise
Within this soul of mine.

Order my footsteps by Thy word,
And make my heart sincere:
Let sin have no dominion, Lord,
But keep my conscience clear.

Make me to walk in Thy commands;
'Tis a delightful road:
Nor let my head, or heart, or hands,
Offend against my God.

PSALM CXXI. C. M.

TO Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
From thence expecting aid;
From Zion's hill, and Zion's God,
Who heaven and earth has made.

Then thou, my soul, in safety rest;
Thy Guardian will not sleep:
His watchful care, Who Israel guards,
Will Israel safely keep.

Sheltered beneath the Almighty wings,
Thou shalt securely rest,
Where neither sun nor moon shall thee
By day or night molest.

At home, abroad, in peace, in war,
Thy God shall thee defend;
And guide thee through life's pilgrimage
Safe to thy journey's end.

PSALM CXXXI. C. M.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign will denies,
Accepted at Thy throne of grace
Let this petition rise:

Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free;
The blessings of Thy grace impart,
And let me live to Thee.

Let the sweet hope that Thou art mine,
My life and death attend;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And crown my journey's end.

PSALM CXXXV. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord with one consent,
And magnify His Name;
Let all the servants of the Lord
His worthy praise proclaim.

Praise Him, all ye that in His house
Attend with constant care;
All ye that to His sacred courts
In humble zeal repair.

Their sense of His unbounded love
Let all mankind express:
Yea, let all those that fear the Lord,
The Lord for ever bless.

Let them with thanks His wondrous works
In Zion's courts proclaim;
Let them in Salem, where He dwells,
Exalt His holy Name.

PSALM CXXXVII. D. L. M.

WHEN Israel sat by Babel's stream,
Their harps were on the willows hung;
Of Sion was their mournful dream,
Sad were their tears, their harps unstrung:
With taunting scorn their haughty foes
Taught them what fate to slaves belongs;
Proud in their power, they mock their woes,
And ask for Sion's sacred songs.

For Sion's songs? ah, thought abhorr'd!
How, Salem, could they sing of thee,
Or tell the praises of the Lord,
While in their sad captivity?
O Sion! to remember thee
Shall ever be thy sons' employ;
Thy woes their heaviest grief shall be,
Thy happiness their highest joy.

PSALM CXXXIX. L. M.

THOU, Lord, by strictest search hast known
My rising up and lying down;
My secret thoughts are known to Thee,
Known long before conceived by me.

Thine eye my bed and path surveys,
My public haunts and private ways:
Surrounded by Thy power I stand;
On every side I find Thy hand.

If up to heaven I take my flight,
'Tis there Thou dwell'st enthroned in light:
If down in hell my couch prepare,
Thy hand, O Lord, shall reach me there.

Or should I try to shun Thy sight
Beneath the sable wings of night;
One glance from Thee, one piercing ray,
Would kindle darkness into day.

The veil of night is no disguise,
No screen from Thy all-searching eyes:
Where can I, Lord, Thy Spirit shun?
Or whither from Thy presence run?

PSALM CXL. 8.8.6.8.8.6.

MY God, when dangers press me round,
And safety but in Thee is found,
O leave me not alone:
Preserve my soul from every snare,
Grant me Thine aid, and let my prayer
Reach Thine eternal throne.

Thou art my God, my Strength, my Stay,
Who, in the battle's evil day,

Hast shielded me from harm:
Now to the malice of my foes,
Lord, the resistless force oppose
Of Thine Almighty arm.

I know that God His saints will keep,
Will bid the mourner cease to weep,
And plead the poor man's cause:
When wrath the wicked shall destroy,
They shall abide in peace and joy
Who love Thy righteous laws.

PSALM CXLII. L. M.

TO Thee, O Lord, in deep distress,
To Thee my suppliant soul would press.
Ill can my burdened spirit plead;
But Thou its untold wish canst read.

I walk 'mid snares on every side,
No voice to cheer, no hand to guide:
A lonely, dark, and rugged road,
But not unknown to Thee, my God.

When earthly helpers fail or flee,
How sweet to turn, O Lord, to Thee,
And find in Thy exhaustless love,
My rest below, my hope above!

O hear, and set my spirit free
From foes and chains too strong for me:
My drooping hopes refresh and raise,
And fill my heart with thankful praise.

PSALM CXLIII. C. M.

LORD, hear my prayer, and to my cry
Thy wonted audience lend;
In faithfulness and truth, to me
A gracious answer send.

Nor at Thy strict tribunal bring
Thy servant to be tried;
For in Thy sight no living man
Can e'er be justified.

Thy kindness early let me hear,
Whose trust on Thee depends;
Teach me the way where I should go:
My soul to Thee ascends.

Thou art my God, Thy righteous will
Instruct me to obey;
Let Thy good Spirit lead and keep
My soul in Thy right way.

PSALM CXLV. C. M.

THEE I 'll extol, my God and King,
Thy endless praise proclaim;
This tribute daily I will bring,
And ever bless Thy Name.

Thou, Lord, beyond compare art great,
And highly to be praised;
Thy majesty, with boundless height,
Above our knowledge raised.

The Lord is good, fresh acts of grace
His pity still supplies;
His anger moves with slowest pace,
His willing mercy flies.

His stedfast throne, from changes free,
Shall stand for ever fast;
His boundless sway no end shall see,
But time itself outlast.

PSALM CXLVI. C. M.

O PRAISE the Lord, and thou, my soul,
For ever bless His Name;
His wondrous love, while life shall last,
My constant praise shall claim.

Thrice happy he, who Jacob's God
For his protector takes;
Who still with well-placed hope the Lord
His constant refuge makes.

The Lord, Who made both heaven and earth
And all that they contain,
Will never quit His stedfast truth,
Nor make His promise vain.

The God that does in Sion dwell
Is our eternal King:
From age to age His reign endures;
Let all His praises sing.

PSALM CXLVIII. P. M. *Haydn's.*

PRAISE the Lord! ye heavens, adore Him;
Praise Him, angels, in the height:
Sun and moon, rejoice before Him;
Praise Him, all ye stars and light:
Praise the Lord! for He hath spoken,
Worlds His mighty Voice obeyed;
Laws, that never shall be broken,
For their guidance He hath made.

Praise the Lord! for He is glorious;
Never shall His promise fail:
God hath made His saints victorious;
Sin and death shall not prevail.
Praise the God of our salvation;
Hosts on high His power proclaim;
Heaven and earth, and all creation,
Laud and magnify His Name.

PSALM CL. PART I. L. M.

O PRAISE the Lord in that blest place
From whence His goodness largely flows;
Praise Him in Heaven, where He His face
Unveiled in perfect glory shows.

Praise Him for all the mighty acts
Which He in our behalf has done:
His kindness this return exacts,
With which our praise should equal run.

Let all that vital breath enjoy,
The breath He does to them afford,
In just returns of praise employ:
Let every creature praise the Lord.

PSALM CL. PART II. P. M. *Portuguese.*

SING praises to God, in full harmony joining,
Ye mortals below, and ye seraphs above;
Through earth and through air let your accents combining
Extol the great acts of His power and His love.

O praise Him aloud in the full-sounding measures
That trumpets and organs symphonious inspire;
Let lutes lend their sweetness to these holy pleasures,
And deeply devout be the strains of the lyre.

Be vocal, ye mute, to the Lord of creation,
In echoes your tribute of gratitude raise;
And all that have breath, in sublime adoration,
The breath that He gave you employ in His praise.

HYMNS.

Advent.

1 "He hath sent Me to bind up the broken-hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captives."

HARK the glad sound! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long:
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

He comes, the prisoners to release
In Satan's bondage held;
The gates of brass before Him burst,
The iron fetters yield.

He comes, from thickest films of vice
To clear the mental ray,
And on the eyes opprest with night
To pour celestial day.

He comes, the broken hearts to bind,
The bleeding souls to cure,
And with the treasures of His grace
To bless the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thine Advent shall proclaim;
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With Thy beloved Name.

2 "The desire of all nations shall come."

COME, Thou long-expected Jesus,
Born to set Thy people free;
From our sins and fears release us;
Let us find our rest in Thee!
Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the saints Thou art;
Dear Desire of every nation,
Joy of every longing heart.

Born Thy people to deliver;
Born a child, and yet a king;
Come, to reign in us for ever;
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring:
By Thine own eternal Spirit
Rule in all our hearts alone;
By Thine all-sufficient merit
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

3 "Hosanna in the highest."

HOSANNA to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the Incarnate Word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let heaven and earth Hosanna sing.
Hosanna in the highest!

Hosanna, Lord! Thine angels cry,
Hosanna, Lord! Thy saints reply:
Above, beneath us, and around
The dead and living swell the sound.
Hosanna in the highest!

O Saviour, with protecting care
Return to this Thy house of prayer;
Assembled in Thy sacred name,
Here we Thy parting promise claim.
Hosanna in the highest!

But chiefest, in our cleansed breast
Bid Thine eternal Spirit rest;
And make our secret soul to be
A temple pure, and worthy Thee.
Hosanna in the highest!

So in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock, redeemed from sinful stain,
Shall swell the sound of praise again.
Hosanna in the highest!

4 "God is Love."

LOVE divine, all love excelling,
Joy of heaven, to earth come down!
Fix in us Thy humble dwelling,
All Thy faithful mercies crown.
Jesus, Thou art all compassion;
Pure unbounded love Thou art;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Enter every longing heart!

Come, Almighty to deliver,
Let us all Thy light receive;
Suddenly return, and never,
Never more Thy temples leave.
Thee we would be always blessing,
Serve Thee as Thy hosts above;
Pray, and praise Thee without ceasing,
Glory in Thy precious love!

Carry on Thy new creation,
Pure and holy may we be;
Let us see our whole salvation
Perfectly secured by Thee:

Changed from glory into glory,
Till in heaven we take our place,
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise!

5 "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

COME, Thou high and lofty Lord,
Lowly, meek, Incarnate Word;
Humbly stoop to earth again;
Come and visit sinful men!

Jesus, we Thy promise claim;
We are gathered in Thy Name;
In the midst do Thou appear;
Manifest Thy presence here.

Sanctify us, Lord, and bless;
Breathe Thy Spirit, give Thy peace;
Come and dwell within each heart;
Light, and life, and joy impart.

Make us all in Thee complete;
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to stand in Thy pure sight,
Partners with the saints in light.

6 "His Name is called the WORD of GOD."

O HEAVENLY Word, Eternal Light,
Begotten of the Father's Might,
Who, in these latter days, art born
For succour to a world forlorn;

Our hearts enlighten from above,
And kindle with Thine own true love;
That we, who hear Thy call to-day,
May cast earth's vanities away.

And when as Judge Thou drawest nigh,
The secrets of all hearts to try;
When sinners meet their awful doom,
And saints attain their heavenly home;

O let us not, for evil past,
Be driven from Thy face at last;
But with the blessed evermore
Behold and love Thee and adore.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit, Three in One,
Praise, honour, might, and glory be,
From age to age eternally. Amen.

7 "Now it is high time to awake out of sleep."

HARK! a thrilling voice is sounding;
"Christ is nigh," it seems to say;
"Cast away the dreams of darkness,
O ye children of the day!"

Wakened by the solemn warning,
Let the earth-bound soul arise;
Christ, her Sun, all ill dispelling,
Shines upon the morning skies.

Lo! the Lamb, so long expected,
Comes with pardon down from heaven;
Let us haste, with tears of sorrow,
One and all to be forgiven:

That when next He comes with glory,
And the world is wrapped in fear,
With His mercy He may shield us,
And with words of love draw near.

Honour, glory, might, and blessing
To the Father and the Son,
With the Everlasting Spirit,
While eternal ages run. Amen.

8 "Thy Word is a lantern unto my feet, and a light unto my paths."

LORD, Thy word abideth,
And our footsteps guideth;
Who its truth believeth
Light and joy receiveth.

When our foes are near us,
Then Thy word doth cheer us,
Word of consolation,
Message of salvation.

When the storms are o'er us,
And dark clouds before us,
Then its light directeth
And our way protecteth.

Who can tell the pleasure,
Who recount the treasure,
By Thy word imparted
To the simple-hearted?

Word of mercy, giving
Succour to the living;
Word of life, supplying
Comfort to the dying!

Oh, that we discerning
Its most holy learning,
Lord, may love and fear Thee,
Evermore be near Thee! Amen.

9 "By every word of the Lord doth man live."

FATHER of mercies, in Thy word
What endless glories shine!
For ever be Thy Name adored
For knowledge all divine.

Here the Redeemer's gracious voice
Spreads peace and hope around;
And life and everlasting joys
Attend the blissful sound.

Divine Instructor! glorious Lord!
Be Thou for ever near:
Teach us to love Thy sacred word,
And find the Saviour there.

O may Thy heavenly pages be
Our first, our chief delight;
And still new beauties may we see,
And still increasing light.

10 "Light is sown for the righteous."

O SAVIOUR, is Thy promise fled?
Nor longer might Thy grace endure,
To heal the sick, and raise the dead,
And preach the gospel to the poor?

Come, Jesus! come, return again;
With brighter beam Thy servants bless,
Who long to feel Thy perfect reign,
And share Thy kingdom's happiness.

Ah! 'mid the wild and wintry gale,
When Death rides darkly o'er the sea,
And strength and earthly daring fail,
Our prayers, Redeemer, rest on Thee.

Come, Jesus! come, and as of yore
The prophet went to clear Thy way,
A harbinger Thy feet before,
A dawning to Thy brighter day:
So now may grace, with heavenly shower,
Our stony hearts for truth prepare;
Sow in our souls the seed of power,
Then come, and reap Thy harvest there.

11 "The day of the Lord will come as a thief in the night."

THAT day of wrath, that dreadful day,
When heaven and earth shall pass away,
What power shall be the sinner's stay?
How shall he meet that dreadful day?
When shrivelling, like a parched scroll,
The flaming heavens together roll;
When louder yet, and yet more dread,
Swells the high trump that wakes the dead;
Oh! on that day, that wrathful day!
When man to judgment wakes from clay,
Be Thou, O Christ, the sinner's stay
Though heaven and earth shall pass away.

12 "The Lord Himself shall descend from heaven with a shout, with the voice of the archangel, and with the trump of God."

GREAT God, what do I see and hear?
The end of things created:
The Judge of all men doth appear
On clouds of glory seated:
The trumpet sounds, the graves restore
The dead which they contained before;
Prepare, my soul, to meet Him.

The dead in Christ are first to rise
At that last trumpet's sounding;
Caught up to meet Him in the skies,
With joy their Lord surrounding:
No gloomy fears their souls dismay;
His presence sheds eternal day
On those prepared to meet Him.

The ungodly, filled with guilty fears,
Behold His wrath prevailing;
In woe they rise, but all their tears
And sighs are unavailing:
The day of grace is past and gone;
Trembling they stand before His throne,
All unprepared to meet Him.

Great Judge, to Thee our prayers we pour,
In deep abasement bending;
O shield us through that last dread hour,
Thy wondrous love extending:
May we, in this our trial day,
With faithful hearts Thy word obey,
And thus prepare to meet Thee. Amen.

13 "Behold He cometh with clouds; and every eye shall see Him, and they also which pierced Him."

LO! He comes in clouds descending,
Once for favoured sinners slain;
Thousand thousand saints attending
Swell the triumph of His train:
Alleluia!
Christ appears on earth again.

Every eye shall now behold Him
Robed in dreadful majesty;
Those who set at naught and sold Him,

Pierced and nailed Him to the tree,
Deeply wailing,
Shall the true Messiah see.

Now redemption, long expected,
See in solemn pomp appear!
All His saints, by man rejected,
Now shall meet Him in the air.
Alleluia!
See the day of God appear!

Yea, Amen, let all adore Thee,
High on Thine eternal throne;
Saviour, take the power and glory;
Claim the kingdoms for Thine own.
O come quickly!
Alleluia! Amen.

14 "The people which sat in darkness saw great light."

THE lands, that long in darkness lay,
Now have beheld a heavenly light;
Nations that sat in death's cold shade
Are blessed with beams divinely bright.

The Virgin's promised Son is born;
Behold the expected Child appear!
What shall His names or titles be?
"The Wonderful! the Counsellor!"

The government of earth and seas
Upon His shoulders shall be laid;
His wide dominions shall increase,
And honours to His name be paid.

Jesus, the Holy Child, shall sit
High on His father David's throne;
Shall crush His foes beneath His feet,
And reign to ages yet unknown.

15 "Blot out all mine iniquities."

WHEN Jesus came to earth of old,
He came in weakness and in woe;
He wore no form of angel mould,
But took our nature poor and low.

But when He cometh back once more,
There shall be set the Great White Throne,
And earth and heaven shall flee before
The face of Him that sits thereon.

O Son of God, in glory crowned,
The Judge ordained of quick and dead;
O Son of man, so pitying found
For all the tears Thy people shed;—

Be with us in this darkened place,
This weary, restless, dangerous night;
And teach, O teach us by Thy grace
To struggle onward into light.

And since in God's recording book
Our sins are written every one,—
The crime, the wrath, the wandering look,
The good we knew, and left undone;—

Lord, ere the last dread trumpet sound,
And ere before Thy face we stand,
Look Thou on each accusing word,
And blot it with Thy bleeding hand.

And by the love that brought Thee here,
And by the Cross, and by the grave,
Give perfect love for conscious fear,
And in the Day of Judgment save.

And lead us on, while here we stray,
  And make us love our heavenly home;
Till from our hearts we learn to say,
  "Even so, Lord Jesus, quickly come."

16

"Save us, O God, of our salvation."

THAT fearful day, that day of speechless dread,
When Thou shalt come to judge the quick and dead—
  I shudder to foresee,
  O God, what then shall be!

When Thou shalt come, angelic legions round,
With thousand thousands, and with trumpet sound;
  Christ, grant me in the air
  With saints to meet Thee there!

That I may hear the blessed voice that calls
The righteous to the joy of heavenly halls;
  And, King of heaven, may reach
  The realm that passeth speech!

Enter Thou not in judgment with each deed,
Nor each intent and thought in strictness read:
  Forgive, and save me then,
  O Thou That lovest men!

Thee, One in Three blest Persons! Lord o'er all!
Essence of essence, Power of power, we call!
  Save us, O Father, Son,
  And Spirit, ever one!

17 "Behold the Lord cometh with ten thousands of His Saints."

THE chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll on fire
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire:
Self-moving it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heavens with the burden of Godhead are bowed.

The glory! the glory! by myriads are poured
The hosts of the angels to wait on their Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And all who the palm wreath of victory wear.

The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard,
Lo! the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred;
From the east, from the west, from the south and the north,
The vast generations of man are come forth.

The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb and the white-vested Elders are met!
All flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

Oh mercy! oh mercy! look down from above,
Creator, on us Thy sad children with love!
When beneath to their darkness the wicked are driven,
May our sanctified souls find a mansion in heaven!

18 "The Lord shall descend from heaven with the trump of God."

DAY of Judgment, day of wonders!
Hark! the trumpet's awful sound,
Louder than a thousand thunders,
Shakes the vast creation round:
How the summons
Will the sinner's heart confound!

See the Judge, our nature wearing,
Clothed in majesty divine!
You who long for His appearing
Then shall in His glory shine.
Gracious Saviour,
Own me in that day for Thine!

Then to those who have confessed,
Loved and served the Lord below,
He will say, "Come near, ye blessed,
See the kingdom I bestow:
You for ever
Shall My love and glory know."

Christmas.

19 "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men.

HARK! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King,
Peace on earth, and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled.
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic hosts proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.

Christ, by highest heaven adored,
Christ, the everlasting Lord,
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of a Virgin's womb.
Veiled in flesh the Godhead see!
Hail, the Incarnate Deity!
Pleased as man with man to dwell,
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace!
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness!
Light and life to all He brings,
Risen with healing in His wings.
Mild He lays His glory by,
Born that man no more may die,
Born to raise the sons of earth,
Born to give them second birth.

Come, Desire of nations, come!
Fix in us Thy humble home:
Rise, the woman's conqu'ring Seed,
Bruise in us the serpent's head:
Adam's likeness now efface,
Stamp Thine image in its place;
Second Adam, from above,
Reinstate us in Thy love.

20 "Unto us a Child is born, unto us a Son is given."

BRIGHT and joyful is the morn,
For to us a Child is born,
From the highest realms of heaven
Unto us a Son is given.

On His shoulder He shall bear
Power and majesty, and wear
On His vesture and His thigh
Names most awful, names most high.

Wonderful in counsel He,
The Incarnate Deity;
Sire of ages ne'er to cease,
King of kings and Prince of peace.

Come, and worship at His feet,
Yield to Christ the homage meet,
From His manger to His throne,
Homage due to God alone.

21 "Christ the King of Israel."

ANGELS, from the realms of glory
Wing your flight o'er all the earth!
Ye who sang Creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth!
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the Infant-light.
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Saints, before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord descending,
In His temple shall appear:
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chains!
Come, and worship;
Worship Christ, the new-born King!

22 "Behold, I bring you glad tidings of great joy."

CHRISTIANS, awake, salute the happy morn
Whereon the Saviour of the world was born;
Rise to adore the mystery of love,
Which hosts of angels chanted from above;
Sing the glad tidings first in heaven begun,
Of God made man, the Blessed Virgin's Son.

The praises of redeeming love they sang,
And heaven's whole orb with hallelujahs rang;
God's highest glory was their anthem still,—
"Peace upon earth, and unto men good-will;"
This day hath God fulfilled His promised word,
This day is born a Saviour, Christ the Lord.

Oh! may we keep and ponder in our mind
God's wondrous love in saving lost mankind:
Trace we the Babe, Who hath retrieved our loss,
From the poor manger to the bitter cross;
Tread in His steps, assisted by His grace,
Till, changed like Him, we see Him face to face.

23 "I dwell with him that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

WHAT sudden blaze of song
Spreads o'er th' expanse of heaven?
In waves of light it thrills along,
The angelic signal given—
"Glory to God!" from yonder central fire
Flows out the echoing lay beyond the starry quire;

Like circles widening round
Upon a clear blue river,
Orb after orb, the wondrous sound
Is echoed on for ever:
"Glory to God on high, on earth be peace,
"And love towards men of love—salvation and release."

Wrapped in His swaddling bands,
And in His manger laid,
The Hope and Glory of all lands
Is come to the world's aid:
No peaceful home upon His cradle smiled,
Guests rudely went and came, where slept the royal Child.

But where Thou dwellest, Lord,
No other thought should be,
Once duly welcomed and adored,
How should I part with Thee?
Bethlehem must lose Thee soon, but Thou wilt grace
The single heart to be Thy sure abiding-place.

24 "They shall come with singing unto Zion."

HIGH let us swell our tuneful notes,
And join the angelic throng,
For angels no such love have known,
To awake a cheerful song.

Good-will to sinful men is shown,
And peace on earth is given;
For, lo! the Incarnate Saviour comes
With messages from heaven.

Justice and peace with sweet accord
His rising beams adorn:
Let heaven and earth in concert join
"To us a Child is born;"
"Glory to God in highest strains
In highest worlds be paid;
His glory by our lips proclaimed,
And by our lives displayed."
When shall we reach those blissful realms
Where Christ exalted reigns;
And learn of the celestial choir
Their own immortal strains?

25 "The work of righteousness shall be peace."

IT came upon the midnight clear,
That glorious song of old,
From angels bending near the earth
To touch their harps of gold:
"Peace to the earth, goodwill to men
From heaven's all-gracious King:"
The world in solemn stillness lay
To hear the angels sing.
Still through the cloven skies they come
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on heavenly wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.
Yet with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;

And men, at war with men, hear not
The love-song which they bring:
Oh! hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.

And ye, beneath life's crushing load
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way
With painful steps and slow;
Look now! for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
Oh! rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

For lo! the days are hastening on,
By prophet-bards foretold,
When with the ever-circling years
Comes round the age of gold;
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendours fling,
And the whole world send back the song
Which now the angels sing.

26 "God sent forth His Son made of a woman."

CHRIST is born! Tell forth His fame!
Christ from heaven! His love proclaim!
Christ on earth! Exalt His Name!
Sing to the Lord, O world, with exultation!
Break forth in glad thanksgiving, every nation!
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

Man, in God's own image made,
Man, by Satan's wiles betrayed,
Man, on whom corruption preyed,
Shut out from hope of life and of salvation,
To-day Christ maketh him a new creation,
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

For the Maker, when His foe
Wrought the creature death and woe,
Bowed the heavens, and came below,
And, in the Virgin's womb His dwelling making,
Became true man, man's very nature taking;
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

He, the Wisdom, Word, and Might,
God, and Son, and Light of light,
Undiscovered by the sight
Of earthly monarch, or infernal spirit,
Incarnate was, that we might heaven inherit:
For He hath triumphed gloriously!

27 "Blessed be the God and Father of our Lord Jesus Christ."

THE shepherds keep their flocks by night;
The heaven glows out with wondrous light;
The glory of the Lord is there,
The angel-bands their King declare:
The watchers of the night confessed,
"God of our fathers! Thou art blessed!"

The angel ceased; and suddenly
Seraphic legions filled the sky:
Glory to God, they cry again:
Peace upon earth, good-will to men:
Christ comes!—And they that heard confessed,
"God of our fathers! Thou art blessed!"

What said the shepherds?—Let us turn
This new-born miracle to learn.
To Bethlehem's gate their footsteps drew:
The Mother with the Child they view:
They knelt, and worshipped, and confessed,
"God of our fathers! Thou art blessed!"

28 "A Virgin shall conceive and bear a son."

A GREAT and mighty wonder!
A full and holy cure!
The Virgin bears the Infant
With Virgin-honour pure!

The Word is made Incarnate,
And yet remains on high:
And Cherubim sing anthems
To shepherds from the sky.

And we with them triumphant
Repeat the hymn again:
"To God on high be glory,
And peace on earth to men!"

While thus they sing your Monarch,
Those bright angelic bands,
Rejoice, ye vales and mountains!
Ye oceans, clap your hands!

Since all He comes to ransom,
By all be He adored,
The Infant born in Bethlehem,
The Saviour and the Lord!

And idol forms shall perish,
And error shall decay,
And Christ shall wield His sceptre,
Our Lord and God for aye.

29 "Unto you is born this day a Saviour."

O LOVELY voices of the sky,
That hymned the Saviour's birth!
Are ye not singing still on high,
Ye that sang "Peace on earth"?

To us yet speak the strains
Wherewith, in days gone by,
Ye blessed the Syrian swains,
O voices of the sky!

O clear and shining light! whose beams
That hour heaven's glory shed
Around the palms, and o'er the streams,
And on the shepherd's head;
Be near, through life and death,
As in that holiest night
Of Hope, and Joy, and Faith,
O clear and shining light!

O star! which led to Him whose love
Brought down man's ransom free;
Where art thou?—Midst the hosts above
May we still gaze on Thee?
In heaven thou art not set,
Thy rays earth might not dim—
Send them to guide us yet,
O star which led to Him!

30 "Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

HARK! a voice from Bethlehem's manger,
Soft and sweet,
Doth entreat,
"Flee from woe and danger;
Brethren, come, from all doth grieve you
You are freed,
All you need
I will surely give you."
Ye who pine in weary sadness,
Weep no more,
For the door

Now is found of gladness.
Cling to Him, for He will guide you
Where no cross,
Pain or loss,
Can again betide you.
Hither come, ye heavy-hearted;
Who, for sin
Deep within,
Long and sore have smarted;
For the poisoned wounds you're feeling
Help is near,
One is here
Mighty for their healing!
Blessed Saviour, let me find Thee!
Keep Thou me
Close to Thee,
Cast me not behind Thee!
Life of life, my heart Thou fillest,
Calm I rest
On Thy breast,
All this void Thou fillest.

Circumcision.

31 "He that followeth Me shall not walk in darkness, but shall have the light of life."

O JESU, Lord of light and grace,
Thou brightness of the Father's face,
Thou fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night;
Come, Holy Sun of heavenly love,
Come in Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

So we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name;
His mighty succour we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

O Christ, with each returning morn,
Thine image to our hearts is borne:
O may we ever clearly see
Our Saviour and our God in Thee.

32 "This is He that came by water and blood, *even* Jesus Christ."

THE year begins with Thee,
And Thou beginn'st with woe;
To let the world of sinners see
That blood for sin must flow.

By Blood and Water too
God's mark is set on Thee,
That in Thee every faithful view
Both covenants might see.

Oh, are we born to tears,
Cradled in care and woe?
And seems it hard, our tender years
Few joys of youth can show?

And fall the sounds of mirth
Sad on the lonely heart,
From all the hopes and charms of earth
Untimely called to part?

Look here, and hold thy peace!
The Giver of all good
E'en from the womb takes no release
From suffering, tears, and blood.

If thou wouldst reap in love,
First sow in holy fear;
So life a winter's morn may prove
To a bright endless year.
To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit, glory be;
As was, and is, and shall be so
To all eternity.

Epiphany.

33 "Lo, the Star which they saw in the east went before them, till it came and stood over where the young child was."

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies His bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore Him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Offer Him gifts then in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and incense divine;
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, and gold from the mine.

Vainly we offer each ample oblation,
Vainly with gold would His favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

34 **"Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."**

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven;
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Angels in the height, adore Him,
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant, bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace.

35 **"The Day-spring from on high hath visited us."**

SONS of men, behold from far,
Hail the long-expected star!
Star of truth that gilds the night,
Kindling darkness into light.

Nations all, remote and near,
Haste to see your God appear;
Haste, for Him your hearts prepare,
Meet Him manifested there!

There behold the Dayspring rise,
Pouring light on mortal eyes;
See it chase the shades away,
Shining to the perfect day!

Sing, ye morning stars, again!
God descends on earth to reign!
Praise and blessing never cease;
Hail the reign of truth and peace!

36 "The Lord God giveth them light, and they shall reign for ever and ever."

BRIGHT was the guiding star that led,
With mild benignant ray,
The Gentiles to the lowly shed,
Where the Redeemer lay.

But, lo, a brighter, clearer light
Now points to His abode;
It shines through sin and sorrow's night,
To guide us to our God.

O haste to follow where it leads,
His gracious call obey;
Be rugged wilds, or flowery meads,
The Christian's destined way.

O gladly tread the narrow path,
While light and grace are given;
For those who follow Christ on earth,
Shall reign with Him in Heaven.

37 "The Gentiles shall come to Thy light."

HAIL, Thou Source of every blessing,
Sovereign Father of mankind!
Gentiles now, Thy grace possessing,
In Thy courts admission find.

Gratefully we bend before Thee,
In Thy Church obtain a place;
Now by faith behold Thy glory,
Praise Thy truth, and sing Thy grace.

Hail, Thou ever-blessed Saviour!
Gentiles now their offerings bring;
In Thy temple seek Thy favour,
Worship Thee, their Lord and King.
May we, body, soul, and spirit,
Live devoted to Thy praise;
Glorious realms of bliss inherit,
Grateful anthems ever raise.

38 "Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

SEE the world in Satan's bondage,
Bound in sin's degrading chains;
Sinners helpless, lost, and dying,
All is death where Satan reigns!
Darkness brooding
On the face of all the earth.

Light of them that sit in darkness!
Rise and shine, Thy blessing bring:
Light to lighten all the Gentiles!
Rise with healing in Thy wing:
To Thy brightness
Let all kings and nations come.

Thou, to whom all power is given,
Speak the word; at Thy command,
Let the company of preachers
Spread Thy Name from land to land:
Lord! be with them,
Alway, to the end of time.

39 "Lord, lift Thou up the light of Thy countenance upon us."

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
Borders on the shades of death!
Jesus, now, Thyself revealing,
Scatter every cloud beneath.

Thou, of light and life Creator,
In our deepest darkness rise;
Scatter all the night of nature;
Pour the day upon our eyes.

Still we wait for Thine appearing,
Life and joy Thy beams impart;
Chasing all our doubts, and cheering
Every meek and contrite heart.

By Thine all-sufficient merit
Every burdened soul release;
By the presence of Thy Spirit
Guide us to Thy perfect peace.

40 "All the earth shall be filled with His Majesty."

HAIL to the Lord's Anointed,
Great David's greater Son!
Hail, in the time appointed,
His reign on earth begun!
He comes to break oppression,
To set the captive free,
To take away transgression,
And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth:

Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald, go,
And Righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

Kings shall bow down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing:
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore,
Far as the eagle's pinion
Or dove's light wing can soar.

For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend;
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed, in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest;
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest:
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His Name shall stand for ever,
His changeless name of Love.

41 "God be merciful unto us and bless us; and shew us the light of His countenance."

GOD of mercy, God of grace,
Shew the brightness of Thy face;
Shine upon us, Saviour, shine,

Fill Thy Church with light divine;
And Thy saving health extend
Unto earth's remotest end.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Let Thy love on all be poured;
Let the nations shout and sing
Glory to their Saviour King;
At Thy feet their tribute pay,
And Thy holy Will obey.

Let the people praise Thee, Lord;
Earth shall then her fruits afford;
God to man His blessing give,
Man to God devoted live;
All below, and all above,
One in joy, and light, and love. Amen.

42 "Thy word was to me the joy of my heart."

EVER would I fain be reading
In the ancient holy Book,
Of my Saviour's gentle pleading,
Truth in every word and look.

How when children came He blessed them,
Suffered no man to reprove,
Took them in His arms, and pressed them
To His heart with words of love.

How to all the sick and tearful
Help was ever gladly shown;
How He sought the poor and fearful,
Called them brothers and His own.

How no contrite soul e'er sought Him,
And was bidden to depart;
How with gentle words He taught him,
Took the death from out his heart.

Still I read the ancient story,
And my joy is ever new,
How for us He left His glory,
How He still is kind and true.

How the flock He gently leadeth
Whom His Father gave Him here;
How His arms He widely spreadeth
To His heart to draw us near.

Let me kneel, my Lord, before Thee,
Let my heart in tears o'erflow,
Melted by Thy love adore Thee,
Blest in Thee 'mid joy or woe!

43 "God is not unrighteous to forget your work and labour of love."

WHAT though in poor and humble guise
Thou here didst sojourn, cottage-born?
Yet from Thy glory in the skies
Our earthly gold Thou dost not scorn.
For Love delights to bring her best,
And where Love is, that offering evermore is blest.

Love on the Saviour's dying head
Her spikenard drops unblamed may pour,
May mount His cross, and wrap Him dead
In spices from the golden shore;
Risen, may embalm His sacred name
With all a Painter's art, and all a Minstrel's flame.

Worthless and lost our offerings seem,
Drops in the ocean of His praise;
But Mercy with her genial beam
Is ripening them to pearly blaze,
To sparkle in His crown above,
Who welcomes here a child's as there an angel's love.

44 "They presented unto Him gifts, gold and frankincense and myrrh."

THE wise men to Thy cradle throne,
O Infant Saviour, brought of old
The incense meet for God alone,
Sharp myrrh, and shining gold.

Shine on us too, sweet Eastern star,
Thine own baptizèd Gentile band,
Till we have found our Lord from far,
An offering in our hand.

Till we have brought the fine gold rare,
Of zeal that giveth all for love;
Till we have prayed the glowing prayer,
Like incense borne above.

The bitter tears our eyes have wet,
Because our wilful hearts would err;
Worship, and love, and sorrow met,
Gold, frankincense, and myrrh.

All meet for Thee our own Adored,
Our suffering Saviour, God, and King;
Accept the gold and incense, Lord,
Accept the myrrh we bring.

45 "We believe that through the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ we shall be saved."

BY cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows;
How sweet the breath, beneath the hill,
Of Sharon's dewy rose:
Lo, such the child, whose early feet
The paths of Peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

By cool Siloam's shady rill
The lily must decay;
The rose that blooms beneath the hill
Must shortly fade away;
And soon, too soon, the wintry hour
Of man's maturer age
Will shake the soul with sorrow's power,
And stormy passion's rage.

O Thou whose infant feet were found
Within Thy Father's shrine,
Whose years with changeless virtue crowned,
Were all alike divine:
Dependent on Thy bounteous breath,
We seek Thy grace alone;
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still Thine own.

46 "And every one that hath this hope in him purifieth himself, even as He is pure."

SONGS of thankfulness and praise,
Jesu, Lord, to Thee we raise,
Manifested by the Star
To the Sages from afar;
Branch of Royal David's stem
In Thy birth at Bethlehem.
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in man made manifest.

Manifest at Jordan's stream,
Prophet, Priest, and King supreme;
And at Cana, Wedding-guest,
In Thy Godhead manifest;
Manifest in power Divine,
Changing water into wine;
Anthems be to Thee addrest,
God in Man made manifest.

Grant us grace to see Thee, Lord,
Mirror'd in Thy holy Word;
May we imitate Thee now,
And be pure, as pure art Thou;
That we like to Thee may be
At Thy great Epiphany;
And may praise Thee, ever blest,
God in man made manifest.

47 "The mountain of the Lord's house shall be established in the top of the mountains."

BEHOLD! the Temple of the Lord
In latter days shall rise,
Above the mountains and the hills,
And draw our wondering eyes.

To this the joyful nations round,
All lands and tongues shall flow:
"Up to the hill of God," they'll cry,
"And to His house we'll go."

The beam that shines on Zion's hill
Shall lighten every land;
The King who reigns in Zion's towers
Shall the whole world command.

No strife shall wound Messiah's reign,
Or mar the peaceful years;
To ploughshares now they beat their swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

No longer hosts encountering hosts,
Their millions slain deplore;
The clanging trumpet silent hangs,
The war-note sounds no more.

Come then, O come from every land,
To worship at His shrine;
And, walking in the light of God,
With peace and glory shine.

Septuagesima.

THE CREATION.

48 "The invisible things of Him from the creation of the world are clearly seen, being understood by the things that are made."

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
Which heavenly truth imparts,
And all the lore its scholars need,
Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
Within us and around,
Are pages in that book, to show
How God Himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
Is like the Maker's love,
Wherewith encompassed, great and small
In peace and order move.

The moon above, the Church below,
A wondrous race they run;
But all their radiance, all their glow,
Each borrows of its sun.

Thou, Who hast given me eyes to see
And love this sight so fair,
Give me a heart to find out Thee,
And read Thee everywhere. Amen.

49 "Bless the Lord, all ye works of His."

SEAS, that murmur as ye flow;
Winds, that whisper to and fro;
Clouds, that o'er creation glide;
Earth, in all thy summer pride:
Let your voice, with one accord,
Praise Jehovah, praise the Lord.

Flowers, that blossom, fade, and die;
Trees, that wave beneath the sky;
Beasts, that scour the desert plain;
Fish, that plough the raging main:
Let your voice, with one accord,
Praise Jehovah, praise the Lord.

Storms, that howl above the tide;
Thunders, rolling far and wide;
Earthquakes, heaving sea and land;
Floods, that lash the rocky strand:
Let your voice, with one accord,
Praise Jehovah, praise the Lord.

Stars, of radiance so divine;
Orbs of glory, as ye shine;
Sun, in thy meridian height;
Moon, that deck'st the hours of night:
Let your voice, with one accord,
Praise Jehovah, praise the Lord.

Young and old, exalt Him high,
Lord of earth, and sea, and sky;
Praise ye Him who reigns above,
God of glory, light, and love:
So shall all, with one accord,
Praise Jehovah, praise the Lord.

50

"O praise the Lord, for it is a good thing to sing praises unto our God."

PRAISE the Lord, whose mighty wonders
Earth, and air, and seas display;
Him, who high in tempests thunders,
Him, whom countless worlds obey.
In the eastern skies ascending,
Praise Him, glorious orb of day;
Ocean, round the globe extending,
Praise Him, o'er thy boundless way.

Pines that crown the lofty mountains,
Bow in sign of worship low;
All ye secret springs and fountains,
Warble praises as ye flow:
Beasts, through nature's drear dominions,
Praise Him, where the wilds extend;
Praise Him, birds, whose sounding pinions
Up to heaven's gate ascend.

Man below, the lord of nature,
Angel choirs in realms above,
Hymning, praise the great Creator,
Praise the eternal Fount of Love.
Teach us, Lord, to sing Thy glory,
Till in heaven we take our place;
Till we cast our crowns before Thee,
Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Sexagesima.

THE FALL.

51 "Thine eyes shall see the King in His beauty."

I PRAISED the earth, in beauty seen
With garlands gay of various green;
I praised the sea, whose ample field
Shone glorious as a silver shield;
And earth and ocean seemed to say,
"Our beauties are but for a day."

I praised the sun, whose chariot rolled
On wheels of amber and of gold;
I praised the moon, whose softer eye
Gleamed sweetly through the summer sky;
And moon and sun in answer said,
"Our days of light are numbered."

O God! O Good beyond compare!
If thus Thy meaner works are fair,
If thus Thy bounties gild the span
Of ruined earth and sinful man,
How glorious must the mansion be
Where Thy redeem'd shall dwell with Thee!

52 "Which cometh forth as a bridegroom out of his chamber."

CREATOR of the starry height,
Thy people's everlasting light,
Jesu, Redeemer, bow Thine ear,
And deign Thy suppliants' prayer to hear!

O Prince of Peace! whose pitying grace
Revived and healed our ruined race,
In fulness of the ages born,
Sole succour of a world forlorn!

At Thy great Name, exalted now,
All knees in lowly reverence bow;
And things in heaven and things in earth
Confess the glory of Thy worth.

Almighty Lord, to Thee we pray,
Judge of that last and dreadful day,
Be Thou our shield, while here we dwell,
From all the fiery darts of hell.

To God the Father, God the Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
All praise, and power, and glory be,
Henceforth through all eternity. Amen.

Quinquagesima.

53 "Beloved, let us love one another, for love is of God."

LOVE one another—the words came from Him
Who suffered to save us, the children of sin;
Love one another, in weal or in woe,
In summer's fierce heat, or in stern winter's snow:
In riches or poverty, sickness or health,
Be the love of thy neighbour thy soul's dearest wealth.
Let not envy or hate thy heart's charities smother,
But obey Heaven's impulse, and love one another.

Love one another, nor deem that although
Thou art free from deep guilt, thou art pure as the snow;
Love one another, nor gaze with disdain
On those who have fallen—their loss is your gain:
As the mariner's beacon that shines o'er the sea,
A warning of danger their faults be to thee.
Then remember that each is a man and thy brother,
And keep God's command, that ye love one another.

54 "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love."

OUR God is love; and all His saints
His image bear below:
The heart with love to God inspired,
With love to man will glow.

Our heavenly Father, Lord, art Thou;
Thy favoured children we;
O may we love each other here,
As we are loved of Thee.

Heirs of the same immortal bliss,
Our hopes and fears the same,
May cords of love our hearts unite,
And mutual love inflame.

So shall the vain contentious world
Our peaceful lives approve;
And wondering say, as they of old,
"See how these Christians love!"

55 "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

FOUNTAIN of good, to own Thy love
Our thankful hearts incline:
What can we render, Lord, to Thee,
When all the worlds are Thine?

But Thou hast needy brethren here,
Partakers of Thy grace,
Whose names Thou wilt Thyself confess
Before the Father's face.

And in their accents of distress
Thy pleading voice is heard,
In them Thou mayst be clothed, and fed,
And visited, and cheered.

Thy Face with reverence and with love
We in Thy poor would see;
O may we minister to them,
And in them, Lord, to Thee. Amen.

Lent.

56 "A broken and contrite heart, O God, Thou wilt not despise."

LORD, when we bend before Thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And hate what we deplore.

Our broken spirits pitying see;
True penitence impart;
Then let a kindling glance from Thee
Beam hope upon the heart.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosoms share,
Which is not wholly Thine.

May faith each weak petition fill,
And waft it to the skies;
And teach our hearts 'tis goodness still
That grants it or denies.

57 "The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth us from all sin."

JESUS, Thou wounded Lamb of God,
O wash me in Thy cleansing blood;
Give me to know Thy love, then pain
Is sweet, and life or death is gain.

Take my poor heart, and let it be
For ever closed to all but Thee!
Seal Thou my breast, and let me wear
That pledge of love for ever there!

Ah, Lord, enlarge our scanty thought,
To know the wonders Thou hast wrought;
Unloose our stammering tongues to tell
Thy love immense, unsearchable.

First-born of many brethren, Thou,
To Thee, lo, all our souls we bow;
To Thee our hearts and hands we give;
Thine may we die, Thine may we live!

58 "Thou hast been my refuge in the day of my trouble."

THOU Refuge of my weary soul,
On Thee, when sorrows rise,
On Thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

To Thee I tell each rising grief,
For Thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

And still the ear of sovereign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer;
Oh, may I ever find access
To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still,
Here let my soul retreat;
With humble hope attend Thy will,
And wait beneath Thy feet.

59 "Lord, help me."

O HELP us, Lord; each hour of need
Thy heavenly succour give;
Help us in thought, and word, and deed,
Each hour on earth we live.

O help us when our spirits bleed
With contrite anguish sore;
And when our hearts are cold and dead,
O help us, Lord, the more.

O help us through the prayer of faith
More firmly to believe;
For still the more the servant hath,
The more shall he receive.

O help us, Jesu, from on high;
We know no help but Thee;
O help us so to live and die,
As Thine in heaven to be.

60 "The Lord God will wipe away tears from off all faces."

WHEN gathering clouds around I view,
And days are dark, and friends are few,
On Him I lean, who not in vain
Experienced every human pain;
He sees my wants, allays my fears,
And counts and treasures up my tears.

If aught should tempt my soul to stray
From heavenly wisdom's narrow way,
To flee the good I would pursue,
Or do the sin I would not do,—
Still He, who felt temptation's power,
Shall guard me in that dangerous hour.

And, oh, when I have safely past
Through every conflict but the last,
Still, still unchanging, watch beside
My dying bed, for Thou hast died:
Then point to realms of cloudless day,
And wipe the latest tear away!

61 "Lord, remember me."

O THOU, from whom all goodness flows,
I lift my soul to Thee;
In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
Good Lord, remember me.

If on my aching burdened heart
My sins lie heavily,
Thy pardon grant, Thy peace impart:
In love remember me.

If strong temptations crowd my way,
And ills I cannot flee,
Then let my strength be as my day;
Good Lord, remember me.

If on my face, for Thy loved Name,
Shame and reproaches be,
All hail reproach, and welcome shame,
If Thou remember me.

And when at last I sink in death,
And meet Thy just decree,
Then, Saviour, mark my trembling breath,
And still remember me.

62 "I am the way, the truth, and the life."

HOLY Jesus! Saviour blest!
When by passion strong possest,
Through this world of sin we stray,
Thou to guide us art the Way.

Holy Jesus! when like night
Error dims our clouded sight,
Through the mists of sin to shine,
Thou dost rise, the Truth divine.

Holy Jesus! when our power
Fails us in temptation's hour,
All unequal to the strife,
Thou to aid us art the Life.

Who would reach his heavenly home,
Who would to the Father come,
And His glorious presence see,
Jesus! he must come by Thee.

63 "Leave me not, neither forsake me, O God of my salvation."

RETURN to bless my waiting eyes,
And cheer my mourning heart, O Lord!
Without Thee all beneath the skies
No real pleasure can afford.

When Thy loved presence meets my sight,
It softens care, and sweetens toil;
The sun shines forth with double light,
The whole creation wears a smile.

Upon Thine arm of love I rest,
Thy gracious voice forbids my fear;
No storms disturb my peaceful breast,
No foes assault when Thou art near.

Lord, hear my cry, and come again;
Put all mine enemies to shame,
And let them see 'tis not in vain
That I have trusted in Thy Name

64 "A Man shall be as a hiding place from the wind and a covert from the tempest."

JESU, Lover of my soul,
Let me to Thy Bosom fly,
While the gathering waters roll,
While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
Till the storm of life be past;
Safe into the haven guide,
O receive my soul at last!

All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my help from Thee I bring:
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing!
Thou, O Christ, art all I want;
More than all in Thee I find:
Raise the fallen, cheer the faint,
Heal the sick, and lead the blind.

Plenteous grace with Thee is found,
Grace to cleanse from every sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of Life the Fountain art,
Freely let me take of Thee;
Spring Thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

65 "O deliver us, and be merciful unto our sins, for Thy Name's sake."

O MERCIFUL Creator, hear;
To us in pity bow Thine ear:
Accept the tearful prayer we raise
In this our fast of forty days.

Each heart is manifest to Thee;
Thou knowest our infirmity:
Repentant now we seek Thy Face;
Impart to us Thy pardoning grace.

Our sins are manifold and sore,
But spare Thou them who sin deplore;
And for Thine own Name's sake make whole
The fainting and the weary soul.

Grant us to mortify each sense
By means of outward abstinence,
That so from every stain of sin
The soul may keep her fast within.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

66 "Behold, now is the accepted time; behold, now is the day of salvation."

LO! now is our accepted day,
The time for purging sins away,
The sins of thought, and deed, and word,
That we have done against the Lord.

For He the Merciful and True
Hath spared His people hitherto;
Not willing that the soul should die,
Though great its past iniquity.

Then let us all with earnest care,
And contrite fast, and tear, and prayer,
And works of mercy and of love,
Entreat for pardon from above;

That He may all our sins efface,
Adorn us with the gifts of grace,
And join us to the angel band
For ever in the Heavenly Land.

Blest Three in One, and One in Three,
Almighty God, we pray to Thee,
That Thou wouldst now vouchsafe to bless
Our fast with fruits of righteousness.

67 "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

O THOU Who dost to man accord
His highest prize, his best reward,
Thou Hope of all our race;
Jesu, to Thee we now draw near,
Our earnest supplications hear,
Who humbly seek Thy Face.

With self-accusing voice within,
Our conscience tells of many a sin
In thought and word and deed:
O cleanse that conscience from all stain,
The penitent restore again,
From every burthen freed.

If Thou reject us, who shall give
Our fainting spirits strength to live?
'Tis Thine alone to spare;
With cleansèd hearts to pray aright,
And find acceptance in Thy sight,
Be this our lowly prayer.

'Tis Thou hast blessed this solemn fast;
So may its days by us be passed
In self-control severe,
That, when our Easter morn we hail,
Its mystic feast we may not fail
To keep with conscience clear.

O Blessèd Trinity, bestow
Thy pardoning grace on us below,
And shield us evermore;
Until, within Thy courts above,
We see Thy Face, and sing Thy love,
And with Thy saints adore.

68 "Surely He hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows."

WHEN our heads are bowed with woe,
When our bitter tears o'erflow,
When we mourn the lost, the dear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou our throbbing flesh hast worn,
Thou our mortal griefs hast borne,
Thou hast shed the human tear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the solemn death-bell tolls
For our own departing souls,
When our final doom is near,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou hast bowed the dying head,
Thou the blood of life hast shed,
Thou hast filled a mortal bier;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

When the heart is sad within
With the thought of all its sin,
When the spirit shrinks with fear,
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

Thou the shame, the grief, hast known;
Though the sins were not Thine own,
Thou hast deigned their load to bear;
Jesu, Son of Mary, hear.

69 "My soul fleeth unto the Lord."

LORD, in this Thy mercy's day,
Ere it pass for aye away,
On our knees we fall and pray.

Holy Jesu, grant us tears,
Fill us with heart-searching fears
Ere that awful doom appears.

Lord, on us Thy Spirit pour,
Kneeling lowly at the door,
Ere it close for evermore.

By Thy night of agony,
By Thy supplicating cry,
By Thy willingness to die,

By Thy tears of bitter woe
For Jerusalem below,
Let us not Thy love forego.

Grant us 'neath Thy wings a place,
Lest we lose this day of grace
Ere we shall behold Thy face.

70

"God forbid that I should glory save in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

WE sing the praise of Him Who died,
Of Him Who died upon the Cross;
The sinner's hope let men deride,
For this we count the world but loss.

Inscribed upon the Cross we see
In shining letters, "God is Love;"
He bears our sins upon the tree,
He brings us mercy from above.

The Cross! it takes our guilt away;
It holds the fainting spirit up;
It cheers with hope the gloomy day,
And sweetens every bitter cup.

It makes the coward spirit brave,
And nerves the feeble arm for fight;
It takes its terror from the grave,
And gilds the bed of death with light.

The balm of life, the cure of woe,
The measure and the pledge of love,
The sinner's refuge here below,
The angels' theme in heaven above.

To Christ, Who won for sinners grace
By bitter grief and anguish sore,
Be praise from all the ransomed race
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

71 "Why art thou cast down, O my soul .... hope in the Lord."

LORD Jesus Christ, in Thee alone
My hope on earth I place;
For other comforter is none,
Nor help save in Thy grace.
There is no man nor creature here,
No angel in the heavenly sphere,
Who at my need can succour me;
I cry to Thee,
For Thou canst end my misery.

My sin is very sore and great,
I mourn beneath its load;
Oh free me from this heavy weight
Through Thy most precious blood;
And with Thy Father for me plead
That Thou hast suffered in my stead,
The burden then from me is rolled;
Lord, I lay hold
On Thy dear promises of old.

And of Thy grace on me bestow
True Christian faith, O Lord,
That all the sweetness I may know
That in Thy Cross is stored,
Love Thee o'er earthly pride or pelf,
And love my neighbour as myself;
And when at last is come my end,
Be Thou my friend,
From all assaults my soul defend.

CHRIST'S TRIUMPHAL ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

72 "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings Thou hast perfected praise."

ALL glory, laud, and honour
To Thee, Redeemer, King!
To Whom the lips of children
Make sweet Hosannas ring.
All glory, &c.

Thou art the King of Israel,
Thou David's Royal Son,
Who in the Lord's Name comest,
The King and Blessèd One.
All glory, &c.

The company of Angels
Are praising Thee on high,
And mortal men, and all things
Created make reply.
All glory, &c.

The people of the Hebrews
With palms before Thee went,
Our praise and prayer and anthems
Before Thee we present.
All glory, &c.

To Thee before Thy Passion
They sang their hymns of praise;
To Thee now high exalted
Our melody we raise.
All glory, &c.

Thou didst accept their praises;
Accept the prayers we bring,
Who in all good delightest,
Thou good and gracious King.
All glory, &c.

73 "And the multitudes that went before, and that followed, cried, saying, Hosannah to the Son of David."

RIDE on! ride on in majesty!
Hark! all the tribes Hosanna cry;
O Saviour meek, pursue Thy road,
With palms and scattered garments strowed.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die:
O Christ, Thy triumphs now begin
O'er captive death and conquered sin.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The angel armies of the sky
Look down with sad and wondering eyes
To see the approaching Sacrifice.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
The last and fiercest strife is nigh:
The Father on His sapphire Throne
Awaits His own anointed Son.

Ride on! ride on in majesty!
In lowly pomp ride on to die;
Bow Thy meek Head to mortal pain,
Then take, O God, Thy Power, and reign.

CHRIST'S SUFFERINGS AND DEATH.

74 "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive .... honour and glory and blessing.

HAIL, Thou once despised Jesus,
Hail, Thou Galilean King!
Thou didst suffer to release us,
Thou didst free salvation bring:
Hail, Thou agonizing Saviour,
Bearer of our sin and shame;
By Thy merits we find favour;
Life is given through Thy Name.

Paschal Lamb, by God appointed,
All our sins on Thee were laid;
By Almighty Love anointed,
Thou hast full atonement made:
All Thy people are forgiven
Through the virtue of Thy blood:
Opened is the gate of Heaven;
Peace is made 'twixt man and God.

Jesus, hail! enthroned in glory,
There for ever to abide:
All the heavenly hosts adore Thee,
Seated at Thy Father's side.
Worship, honour, power, and blessing,
Thou art worthy to receive;
Loudest praises, without ceasing,
Meet it is for us to give!

75 "Remembering mine affliction and my misery, the wormwood and the gall."

GO to dark Gethsemane,
Ye that feel the tempter's power,
There your Saviour's conflict see,
Watch with Him one bitter hour;
Turn not from His griefs away,
Learn of Him to watch and pray.

See Him in the judgment-hall,
Bound, and beaten, and arraigned,
Sad, forsaken, mocked by all,
Yet by heavenly Love sustained:
  Ye that suffer shame or loss,
  Learn of Him to bear the cross.

Follow on to Calvary;
There the blessed Jesus view,
Dying on the accursed tree,
Made a sacrifice for you;
  "It is finished!" hear Him cry;
Learn of Jesus Christ to die. Amen.

76 **"And being in an agony, He prayed more earnestly."**

SION'S Daughter, weep no more,
  Though thy troubled heart be sore;
He of Whom the Psalmist sung,
He Who woke the Prophet's tongue,
Christ, the Mediator blest,
Brings thee everlasting rest.

In a garden man became
Heir of sin, and death, and shame;
Jesus in a garden wins
Life, and pardon for our sins;
Through His hour of agony
Praying in Gethsemane.

There for us He intercedes;
There with God the Father pleads;
Willing there for us to drain
To the dregs the cup of pain,
That in everlasting Day
He may wipe our tears away.

Therefore to His Name be given
Glory both in earth and heaven;
To the Father, and the Son,
And the Spirit, Three in One,
Honour, praise, and glory be,
Now and through eternity. Amen.

77 "Who loved me and gave Himself for me."

O SACRED Head, surrounded
By crown of piercing thorn!
O bleeding Head, so wounded,
Reviled, and put to scorn!
Death's pallid hue comes o'er Thee,
The glow of life decays,
Yet angel-hosts adore Thee,
And tremble as they gaze.

I see Thy strength and vigour
All fading in the strife,
And death with cruel rigour
Bereaving Thee of life;
O agony and dying!
O love to sinners free!
Jesu, all grace supplying,
O turn Thy Face on me!

In this Thy bitter passion,
Good Shepherd, think of me
With Thy most sweet compassion,
Unworthy though I be:
Beneath Thy Cross abiding,
For ever would I rest;
In Thy dear love confiding,
And with Thy presence blest.

78 **"Jesus, Master, have mercy upon us."**

SAVIOUR, when in dust to Thee
Low we bow the adoring knee;
When, repentant, to the skies
Scarce we lift our weeping eyes:
Oh, by all Thy pains and woe
Suffered once for man below,
Bending from Thy throne on high,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy birth and early years;
By Thy life of want and tears;
By Thy fasting and distress
In the lonely wilderness;
By the dread mysterious hour
Of the subtle tempter's power;
Jesu, look with pitying eye;
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thine hour of whelming fear;
By Thine agony and prayer;
By the purple robe of scorn;
By Thy wounds, Thy crown of thorn;
By Thy cross, Thy pangs and cries;
By Thy perfect sacrifice;
Jesu, look with pitying eye,
Hear our solemn litany.

By Thy deep expiring groan;
By the sealed sepulchral stone;
By Thy triumph o'er the grave;
By Thy power from death to save;
Mighty God, ascended Lord,
To Thy throne in heaven restored,
Prince and Saviour, hear our cry;
Hear our solemn litany. Amen.

79 "That rock was Christ."

ROCK of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee;
Let the water and the blood,
From Thy riven side which flowed,
Be of sin the double cure,
Cleanse me from its guilt and power.

Not the labours of my hands
Can fulfil Thy law's demands;
Could my zeal no respite know,
Could my tears for ever flow,
All for sin could not atone,
Thou must save, and Thou alone.

Nothing in my hand I bring,
Simply to Thy Cross I cling;
Naked, come to Thee for dress;
Helpless, look to Thee for grace;
Foul, I to the fountain fly—
Wash me, Saviour, or I die!

While I draw this fleeting breath,
When mine eyelids close in death,
When I soar to worlds unknown,
See Thee on Thy judgment throne—
Rock of ages, cleft for me,
Let me hide myself in Thee!

80 "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

WHEN I survey the wondrous Cross,
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ my God!
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

See, from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingling down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were an offering far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

81 "And He was withdrawn from them about a stone's cast, and kneeled down and prayed."

HE knelt, the Saviour knelt and prayed,
When but His Father's eye
Looked through the lonely garden's shade
On that dread agony!
The Lord of all, above, beneath,
Was bowed with sorrow unto death.

The sun set in a fearful hour,
The stars might well grow dim,
When this mortality had power
So to o'ershadow Him!
That He Who gave man's breath might know
The very depths of human woe!

He proved them all—the doubt, the strife,
The faint perplexing dread,
The mists that hang o'er parting life,
All gathered round His head;
And the Deliverer knelt to pray,
Yet passed it not—that cup—away!

It passed not, though the stormy wave
Had sunk beneath His tread;
It passed not, though to Him the grave
Had yielded up its dead!
But there was sent Him from on high
A gift of strength for man to die.

And was the Sinless thus beset
With anguish and dismay?
How may *we* meet our conflict yet
In the dark narrow way?
Through Him, through Him that path Who trod,
Save, or we perish, Son of God!

82

"There laid they Jesus."

LORD Jesus, Who, our souls to save,
Didst rest and slumber in the grave,
Now grant us all in Thee to rest,
And here to live as seems Thee best.

Give us the strength, the dauntless faith,
That Thou hast purchased with Thy death,
And lead us to that glorious place,
Where we shall see the Father's face.

O Lamb of God! Who once wast slain,
We thank Thee for that bitter pain!
Let us partake Thy death that we
May enter into life with Thee!

83

"I will arise and go to my Father."

THE abyss of many a former sin
Encloses me, and bars me in:
Like billows my transgressions roll,
Be Thou the Pilot of my soul,

And to Salvation's harbour bring;
Thou Saviour and Thou glorious King!

My Father's heritage abused,
By riot marred, by sin misused;
To shame and want and misery brought,
The slave to many a fruitless thought,
I cry to Thee, Who lovest men,
O pity and receive again!

In hunger now,—no more possest
Of that my portion bright and blest,
The exile and the alien see
Who yet would fain return to Thee!
And save me, Lord, who seek to raise
To Thy dear love the hymn of praise!

With that blest thief my prayer I make,
Remember for Thy mercy's sake!
With that poor publican I cry,
Be merciful, O God most High!
With that lost prodigal I fain
Back to my home would turn again!

Mourn, mourn, my soul, with earnest care,
And raise to Christ the contrite prayer:—
O Thou, Who freely wast made poor,
My sorrows and my sins to cure,
Me, poor of all good works, embrace,
Enriching with Thy boundless grace!

84 "Whosoever believeth on Me should not abide in darkness."

OH! shame beyond the bitterest thought
That evil spirit ever framed,
That sinners know what Jesus wrought,
Yet feel their haughty hearts untamed—

That souls in refuge, holding by the Cross,
Should wince and fret at this world's little loss.

Lord of my heart, by Thy last cry,
Let not Thy blood on earth be spent—
Lo, at Thy feet I fainting lie,
Mine eyes upon Thy wounds are bent,
Upon Thy streaming wounds my weary eyes
Wait like the parchèd earth on April skies.

Wash me, and dry these bitter tears,
O let my heart no further roam,
'Tis Thine by vows and hopes and fears
Long since—O call Thy wanderer home;
To that dear home, safe in Thy wounded side,
Where only broken hearts their sin may hide.

85

"All things work together for good to them that love God."

JESUS, my only God and Lord,
What sweetness in Thy Name is stored!
So dark and hopeless is no grief
But Thy sweet Name can bring relief,
So keen no sorrow's rankling dart
But Thy sweet Name can heal my heart.

Jesus, my boast, my light, my joy,
The treasure nought can e'er destroy,
No words, no song that I can frame
Speak half the sweetness of Thy Name;
They only all its power shall prove
Whose hearts have learnt Thy faith and love.

Jesus, my bridegroom, and my crown,
If Thou but smile, the world may frown;
In Thee lie depths of joy untold,
Far richer than her richest gold;

Whene'er I do but think of Thee,
Thy dews drop down and solace me.

Then while I live this life of care,
The cross for Thee I'll gladly bear;
Grant me a patient willing mood,
I know that it shall work my good;
Help me to do my task aright,
That it may stand before Thy sight.

Let me this flesh and blood control,
From sin and shame preserve my soul,
And keep me steadfast in the faith,
Then I am Thine in life and death:
Jesus, Consoler, bend to me,
Ah, would I were e'en now with Thee!

86 "Whoso putteth his trust in the Lord shall be safe."

WHO puts his trust in God most just
Hath built his house securely;
He who relies on Jesus Christ,
Shall reach His heaven most surely:
Then fixed on Thee my trust shall be,
For Thy truth cannot alter;
While mine Thou art, not death's worst smart
Shall make my courage falter.

Though fiercest foes my course oppose,
A dauntless front I'll shew them;
My champion Thou, Lord Christ, art now,
Who soon shalt overthrow them!
And if but Thee I have in me,
With Thy good gifts and Spirit,
Nor death nor hell, I know full well,
Shall hurt me, through Thy merit.

I rest me here without a fear,
By Thee shall all be given
That I can need, O Friend indeed,
For this life or for heaven.
O make me true, my heart renew,
My soul and flesh deliver!
Lord, hear my prayer, and in Thy care
Keep me in peace for ever.

Easter.

87 "The Lord is risen indeed."

JESUS Christ is risen to-day, Alleluia!
Our triumphant holy day, Alleluia!
Who did once, upon the Cross, Alleluia!
Suffer to redeem our loss. Alleluia!

Hymns of praise then let us sing Alleluia!
Unto Christ, our heavenly King, Alleluia!
Who endured the Cross and grave, Alleluia!
Sinners to redeem and save. Alleluia!

But the pain which He endured Alleluia!
Our salvation hath procured; Alleluia!
Now above the sky He's King, Alleluia!
Where the angels ever sing. Alleluia!

88 "He that hath the Son hath life."

SON of God, to Thee I cry;
By the holy mystery
Of Thy dwelling here on earth,
By Thy pure and holy birth,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lamb of God, to Thee I cry;
By Thy bitter agony,
By Thy pangs, to us unknown,
By Thy Spirit's parting groan,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Prince of Life, to Thee I cry;
By Thy glorious majesty,
By Thy triumph o'er the grave,
Meek to suffer, strong to save,
Lord, Thy presence let me see,
Manifest Thyself to me.

Lord of Glory, God most high,
Man exalted to the sky,
With Thy love my bosom fill;
Prompt me to perform Thy will;
Then Thy glory I shall see,
Thou wilt bring me home to Thee.

89 "Jesus died and rose again."

COME ye who love the Lord,
And feel His quickening power,
Unite with one accord
His goodness to adore:
To heaven and earth aloud proclaim
Your great Redeemer's glorious Name.

He left His throne above,
His glory laid aside,
Came down on wings of love,
And wept and bled and died:
The pangs He bore, what tongue can tell,
To save our souls from death and hell?

He burst the grave; He rose
Victorious from the dead;
And thence His vanquished foes
In glorious triumph led:
Up through the heavens the Conqueror rode,
Triumphant to the throne of God.

He soon again will come,
(His chariot will not stay,)
To take His children home
To realms of endless day:
We there shall see Him face to face,
And sing the triumphs of His grace.

90 "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty."

JESUS comes, His conflict over,
Comes to claim His great reward;
Angels round the Victor hover,
Crowding to behold their Lord:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

Oh, what honours now await Him!
Friends and foes shall hear His voice;
Tremble, tremble, ye that hate Him;
Ye who love His Name, rejoice:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

Day and night they cry before Him,
"Holy, holy, holy Lord!"
All the powers of heaven adore Him,
All obey His sovereign word:
Haste, ye saints, your tribute bring,
Crown Him everlasting King.

91 "Not willing that any should perish, but that all should come to repentance."

FATHER of peace, and God of love,
We own Thy power to save;
That power by which our Saviour rose
Victorious o'er the grave.

He triumphed over sin and death,
When, by His sacred blood,
Confirmed and sealed for evermore
The eternal covenant stood.

O may Thy Spirit seal our souls,
And mould them to Thy will;
That our weak hearts no more may stray,
But keep Thy precepts still:

That to perfection's sacred height
We nearer still may rise;
And all we think, and all we do,
Be pleasing in Thine eyes.

92 "Many bodies of the saints which slept arose."

THE dawn is purpling o'er the sky,
The air with Alleluias rings,
Hell in each shuddering cavern quakes,
While earth her Easter triumphs sings.

For Christ, our King, with strong right hand,
Leads forth from cells of death and night
The imprisoned spirits, once again
Restored to life and beams of light.

Farewell, then, grave! henceforth farewell
To funeral tears, and grief, and pain!
O hear yon glorious angel say
How Jesus Christ hath risen again!

O Jesu, Lord! to every breast
Unceasing paschal gladness be;
From all decay of sin and death
The new-born sons of life set free.

93 "Whosoever shall confess that Jesus is the Son of God, God dwelleth in him, and he in God."

CHRIST, from whom all blessings flow,
Life and light of saints below,
Ransomed with Thy precious blood,
Reconciled by Thee to God;
Thee, O Saviour, we would bless,
Thee, our risen Lord, confess.

Thine, O Lord, the glory be,
Thine the power, the victory;
Thou hast died our souls to save,
Thou hast triumphed o'er the grave;
On the field where Adam fell,
Thou hast conquered death and hell.

Ever, Lord, Thy blessing give,
That our souls to Thee may live;
Fill us with the Father's love;
Never from our souls remove;
Dwell in us, that we may be
Thine to all eternity.

94 "Death is swallowed up in victory."

O JOYFUL sound! O glorious hour!
When Christ, by His Almighty power,
Arose and left the grave:
Now let our songs His triumph tell,
Who broke the chains of death and hell,
And ever lives to save.

"The first-begotten from the dead,"
Behold Him rise, His people's head,
Immortal life to bring:
What though the saints like Him shall die,
They share their Leader's victory,
And triumph with their King.

No more we tremble at the grave,
For He Who died our souls to save
Will raise our bodies too:
What though this earthly house shall fail,
The Saviour's power will yet prevail,
And build it up anew.

95 "Alleluia! for the Lord God Omnipotent reigneth."

CHRIST the Lord is risen again;
Christ hath broken every chain;
Hark, angelic voices cry,
Singing evermore on high,
Alleluia!

He Who gave for us His life,
Who for us endured the strife,
Is our Paschal Lamb to-day;
We too sing for joy, and say
Alleluia!

He Who bore all pain and loss,
Comfortless upon the cross,
Lives in glory now on high,
Pleads for us and hears our cry;
Alleluia!

He Who slumbered in the grave
Is exalted now to save;
Now through Christendom it rings
That the Lamb is King of kings.

 Alleluia!

Now He bids us tell abroad
How the lost may be restored,
How the penitent forgiven,
How we too may enter heaven,
Alleluia!

Thou, our Paschal Lamb indeed,
Christ, Thy ransomed people feed:
Take our sins and guilt away,
Let us sing by night and day,
Alleluia! Amen.

96 "O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory?"

YE choirs of new Jerusalem,
Your sweetest notes employ,
The Paschal victory to hymn
In strains of holy joy.

For Judah's Lion bursts His chains,
Crushing the serpent's head;
And cries aloud through death's domains
To wake the imprisoned dead.

Devouring depths of hell their prey
At His command restore;
His ransomed hosts pursue their way
Where Jesus goes before.

Triumphant in His glory now
To Him all power is given;
To Him in one communion bow
All saints in earth and heaven.

While we, His soldiers, praise our King,
His mercy we implore,
Within His palace bright to bring
And keep us evermore.

All glory to the Father be;
All glory to the Son;
All glory, Holy Ghost, to Thee,
While endless ages run. Alleluia! Amen.

97 "Sing ye to the Lord; for He hath triumphed gloriously."

AT the Lamb's high feast we sing
Praise to our victorious King,
Who hath washed us in the tide
Flowing from His piercèd side;
Praise we Him Whose love divine
Gives His sacred Blood for wine,
Gives His Body for the feast,
Christ the Victim, Christ the Priest.

Where the Paschal Blood is poured,
Death's dark angel sheathes his sword;
Israel's hosts triumphant go
Through the wave that drowns the foe.
Praise we Christ, Whose Blood was shed,
Paschal Victim, Paschal Bread;
With sincerity and love
Eat we Manna from above.

Mighty Victim from the sky,
Hell's fierce powers beneath Thee lie;
Thou hast conquered in the fight,
Thou hast brought us life and light:
Now no more can death appal,
Now no more the grave enthral;
Thou hast opened paradise,
And in Thee Thy saints shall rise.

Easter triumph, Easter joy,
Sin alone can this destroy;

From sin's power do Thou set free
Souls new-born, O Lord, in Thee.
Hymns of glory and of praise,
Risen Lord, to Thee we raise;
Holy Father, praise to Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be. Amen.

98 "O sing unto the Lord a new song; for He hath done marvellous things."

Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!

THE strife is o'er, the battle done,
The triumph of the Lord is won;
O let the song of praise be sung.
Alleluia!

The powers of death have done their worst,
And Jesus hath His foes dispersed;
Let shouts of praise and joy outburst.
Alleluia!

On that third morn He rose again,
In glorious majesty to reign;
O let us swell the joyful strain.
Alleluia!

He closed the yawning gates of hell;
The bars from heaven's high portals fell;
Let songs of joy His triumphs tell.
Alleluia!

Lord, by the stripes which wounded Thee
From death's dread sting Thy servants free;
That we may live, and sing to Thee
Alleluia! Amen.

99 "When thou liest down, thou shalt not be afraid; yea, thou shalt lie down, and thy sleep shall be sweet."

JESU, the world's redeeming Lord,
The Father's co-eternal Word,
Of Light invisible true Light,
Thine Israel's keeper day and night;

Our great Creator and our Guide,
Who times and seasons dost divide,
Refresh at night with quiet rest
Our limbs by daily toil opprest;

That, while in weary house of clay
A little longer here we stay,
Our flesh in Thee may sweetly sleep,
Our souls with Thee their vigils keep.

We pray Thee, while we dwell below,
Preserve us from our ghostly foe;
Nor let his wiles victorious be
O'er them that are redeemed by Thee.

O Lord of all, with us abide
In this our joyful Easter-tide;
From every weapon death can wield
Thine own redeemed for ever shield.

All praise be Thine, O risen Lord,
From death to endless life restored:
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

100 "Christ our Passover is sacrificed for us: therefore let us keep the feast."

'TIS the day of Resurrection:
Earth, tell it out abroad!
The Passover of gladness!
The Passover of God!

From death to life eternal,
  From earth unto the sky,
Our Christ hath bought us over,
  With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
  That we may see aright
The Lord in rays eternal
  Of Resurrection-Light;
And listening to His accents,
  May hear so calm and plain
His own ALL HAIL! and hearing,
  May raise the victor strain!

Now let the heavens be joyful,
  Let earth her song begin,
Let the round world keep triumph,
  And all that is therein:
Invisible and visible,
  Their notes let all things blend,
For Christ the Lord hath risen,
  Our joy shall never end.

101 "The earth did quake, and the rocks rent."

THE Lord of Might, from Sinai's brow,
  Gave forth His voice in thunder,
And Israel lay on earth below,
  Outstretched in fear and wonder:
Beneath His feet was pitchy night,
And at His left hand and His right
  The rocks were rent asunder.

The Lord of Love, on Calvary,
  A meek and suffering Stranger,
Upraised to heaven His languid eye,
  In nature's hour of danger;

For us He bore the weight of woe,
For us He gave His blood to flow,
And met His Father's anger.
The Lord of Love, the Lord of Might,
The King of all created,
Shall back return to claim His right,
On clouds of glory seated;
With trumpet-sound and angel-song,
And Alleluiahs loud and long,
O'er death and hell defeated.

102 "He is risen, He is not here."

COME, ye faithful, raise the strain
Of triumphant gladness!
God hath brought His Israel
Into joy from sadness:
Loosed from Pharaoh's bitter yoke
Jacob's sons and daughters;
Led them with unmoistened foot
Through the Red Sea waters.

'Tis the Spring of souls to-day:
Christ hath burst His prison;
And from three days' sleep in death,
As a sun, hath risen.
All the winter of our sins,
Long and dark, is flying,
From His Light, to Whom we give
Laud and praise undying.

Now the Queen of Seasons, bright
With the Day of Splendour,
With the royal Feast of feasts,
Comes its joy to render:

Comes to glad Jerusalem,
Who with true affection
Welcomes, in unwearied strains,
Jesu's Resurrection.

Neither might the gates of death,
Nor the tomb's dark portal,
Nor the watchers, nor the seal,
Hold Thee as a mortal:
But to-day amidst the Twelve
Thou didst stand, bestowing
That Thy peace, which evermore
Passeth human knowing.

Rogation Days.

103 "The eyes of all wait upon Thee, O Lord; and Thou givest them their meat in due season."

LORD, in Thy name Thy servants plead,
And Thou hast sworn to hear;
Thine is the harvest, Thine the seed,
The fresh and fading year.

Our hope, when autumn winds blew wild,
We trusted, Lord, with Thee:
And still, now spring has on us smiled,
We wait on Thy decree.

The former and the latter rain,
The summer sun and air,
The green ear, and the golden grain,
All Thine, are ours by prayer.

Thine too by right, and ours by grace,
The wondrous growth unseen,
The hopes that soothe, the fears that brace,
The love that shines serene.

So grant the precious things brought forth
By sun and moon below,
That Thee in Thy new heaven and earth
We never may forego.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

Ascension.

104 "Lift up your heads, O ye gates, and be ye lift up, ye everlasting doors; and the King of Glory shall come in."

HAIL the day that sees Him rise
Glorious to His native skies!
Christ, awhile to mortals given,
Enters now the highest Heaven.

There the glorious triumph waits;
Lift your heads, eternal gates!
Christ hath vanquished death and sin;
Take the King of Glory in.

Lo, the Heaven its Lord receives,
Yet He loves the earth He leaves;
Though returning to His Throne,
Still He calls mankind His own.

Still for us He intercedes,
His prevailing Death He pleads;
Near Himself prepares our place;
Harbinger of human race.

Lord, though parted from our sight,
Far above the starry height,
Grant our hearts may thither rise,
Seeking Thee above the skies. Amen.

105 "This same Jesus which is taken up from you into heaven, shall so come in like manner as ye have seen Him go into heaven."

AWAKE, and sing the song
Of Moses and the Lamb;
Wake every heart and every tongue
To praise the Saviour's Name!

Sing of His dying love,
Sing of His rising power;
Sing how He intercedes above
For us whose sins He bore.

Soon shall we hear Him say,
"Ye blessed children, come!"
Soon will He call us hence away
To our eternal home.

There shall our raptured tongue
His endless praise proclaim;
And sweeter voices tune the song
Of Moses and the Lamb!

106 "A cloud received Him out of their sight."

THOU art gone up on high,
To realms beyond the skies;
And round Thy throne unceasingly
The songs of praise arise:
But we are lingering here,
With sin and care opprest;
Lord, send Thy promised Comforter,
And lead us to our rest.

Thou art gone up on high;
But Thou didst first come down,
Through earth's most bitter misery
To pass unto Thy crown:

And girt with griefs and fears
  Our onward course must be;
But only let this path of tears
  Lead us at last to Thee.

Thou art gone up on high;
  But Thou shalt come again,
With all the bright ones of the sky
  Attendant in Thy train.
Lord, by Thy saving power
  So make us live and die,
That we may stand in that dread hour
  At Thy right hand on high. Amen.

107 "He was parted from them, and received up into heaven."

BEYOND the glittering starry skies,
  Far as the eternal hills,
There, in the boundless worlds of light,
  Our dear Redeemer dwells.

Legions of Angels, bright and fair,
  In countless armies shine;
Before Him in transporting lays,
  They offer songs divine.

As on the torturing cross He hung,
  And darkness veiled the sky,
Amazed they saw the awful sight,
  The Lord of glory die!

They thronged His chariot up the skies,
  And bore Him to His throne;
Then swept their golden harps, and cried,
  "The glorious work is done!"

108 "The Lord remaineth a King for ever."

REJOICE, the Lord is King!
Your God and King adore;
Loud alleluiahs sing,
And triumph evermore:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice!

Rejoice, the Saviour reigns,
The God of truth and love;
When He had purged our stains,
He took His seat above:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice!

His kingdom cannot fail,
He rules o'er earth and heaven;
The keys of death and hell
Into His hands are given:
Lift up the heart, lift up the voice;
Rejoice, ye saints of God, rejoice!

Rejoice in glorious hope!
Jesus the Judge shall come,
And take His servants up
To their eternal home:
We soon shall hear the Archangel's voice,
The trump of God shall sound, Rejoice!

109 "By His own blood He entered in once into the holy place."

O SAVIOUR, Who for man hast trod
The winepress of the wrath of God,
Ascend, and claim again on high
Thy glory left for us to die.

A radiant cloud is now Thy seat,
And earth lies stretched beneath Thy feet;
Ten thousand thousands round Thee sing,
And share the triumph of their King.

The angel-host enraptured waits:
"Lift up your heads, eternal gates!"
O God-and-Man! the Father's Throne
Is now for evermore Thine own.

Our great High Priest and Shepherd Thou
Within the veil art entered now,
To offer there Thy precious blood,
Once poured on earth a cleansing flood.

And thence the Church, Thy chosen Bride,
With countless gifts of grace supplied,
Through all her members draws from Thee
Her hidden life of sanctity.

O Christ, our Lord, of Thy dear care
Thy lowly members heavenward bear;
Be ours with Thee to suffer pain,
With Thee for evermore to reign.

All praise from every heart and tongue
To Thee, ascended Lord, be sung;
All praise to God the Father be,
And Holy Ghost, eternally. Amen.

110 "He was received up into Heaven, and sat on the right hand of God."

AFTER three days Thou didst rise
Visible to mortal eyes:
First the Eleven worshipped Thee,
Then the rest in Galilee:
Then a cloud in glory bore
Thee to thine own native shore.

Boldly David poured the strain:
God ascends to Heaven again:
With the trumpet's pealing note,
Alleluias round Him float,
As He now, by hard-won right,
Seeks the Fount of purest Light.

Crime on crime, and grief on grief,
Left the world without relief:
Now that aged languid race,
God hath quickened by His grace:
As Thy going up we see,
Glory to Thy Glory be!

111

"This mortal must put on immortality."

JESUS, Lord of Life Eternal,
Taking those He loved the best,
Stood upon the Mount of Olives,
And His Own the last time blest:
Then, though He had never left it,
Sought again His Father's breast.

Knit is now our flesh to Godhead,
Knit in everlasting bands:
Call the world to highest festal;
Floods and oceans, clap your hands;
Angels, raise the song of triumph!
Make response, ye distant lands!

Loosing Death with all its terrors,
Thou ascended'st up on high,
And to mortals, now immortal,
Gavest immortality,
As Thine own disciples saw Thee
Mounting victor to the sky!

112 "Lord, who shall dwell in Thy tabernacle, or who shall rest upon Thy holy hill?"

THOSE eternal bowers
Man hath never trod,
Those unfading flowers
Round the Throne of God:
Who may hope to gain them
After weary fight?
Who at length attain them
Clad in robes of white?

He who gladly barters
All on earthly ground;
He who, like the martyrs,
Says, "I will be crowned:"
He whose one oblation
Is a life of love,
Clinging to the nation
Of the blest above.

Shame upon you, legions
Of the Heavenly King,
Denizens of regions
Past imagining!
What! with pipe and tabor
Fool away the light,
When He bids you labour,
When He tells you, Fight!

While I do my duty,
Struggling through the tide,
Whisper Thou of beauty
On the other side!
Tell who will the story
Of our now distress,
Oh the future glory!
Oh the loveliness!

113 "All Thy works praise Thee, O Lord."

THE strain upraise of joy and praise,
Alleluia!
To the glory of their King
Shall the ransomed people sing Alleluia!
And the choirs that dwell on high
Shall re-echo through the sky Alleluia!
They in the rest of Paradise who dwell,
The blessèd ones, with joy the chorus swell,
Alleluia!
The planets beaming on their heavenly way,
The shining constellations join, and say
Alleluia!
Ye clouds that onward sweep,
Ye winds on pinions light,
Ye thunders, echoing loud and deep,
Ye lightnings, wildly bright,
In sweet consent unite your Alleluia!
Ye floods and ocean billows,
Ye storms and winter snow,
Ye days of cloudless beauty,
Hoar frost and summer glow,
Ye groves that wave in spring
And glorious forests, sing Alleluia!
First let the birds, with painted plumage gay,
Exalt their great Creator's praise, and say
Alleluia!
Then let the beasts of earth, with varying strain,
Join in creation's hymn, and cry again
Alleluia!
Here let the mountains thunder forth sonorous
Alleluia!

There let the valleys sing in gentler chorus
Alleluia!

Thou jubilant abyss of ocean, cry Alleluia!
Ye tracts of earth and continents, reply
Alleluia!

To God, Who all creation made,
The frequent hymn be duly paid: Alleluia!

This is the strain, the eternal strain, the Lord
Almighty loves: Alleluia!
This is the song, the heavenly song, that Christ
the King approves: Alleluia!

Wherefore we sing, both heart and voice
awaking, Alleluia!

And children's voices echo, answer making,
Alleluia!

Now from all men be out-poured
Alleluia to the Lord!
With Alleluia evermore
The Son and Spirit we adore.

Praise be done to the Three in One.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia! Amen.

114 "Alleluia! Salvation, and glory, and honour, and power unto the Lord our God."

HALLELUIAH! best and sweetest
Of the hymns of praise above!
Halleluiah! thou repeatest,
Angel-host, these notes of love;
This ye utter,
While your golden harps ye move.

Halleluiah! Church victorious,
Join the concert of the sky!
Halleluiah! bright and glorious,
Lift, ye saints, this strain on high!
We, poor exiles,
Join not yet your melody.
Halleluiah! strains of gladness
Suit not souls with conflict torn;
Halleluiah! sounds of sadness
Best become our state forlorn;
Our offences
We with bitter tears must mourn.
But our earnest supplication,
Holy God, we raise to Thee;
Visit us with Thy salvation,
Make us all Thy joys to see;
Halleluiah!
Ours at length this strain shall be.

Whitsuntide.

115 "The Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost."

COME, Holy Ghost, our souls inspire,
And lighten with celestial fire;
Thou the anointing Spirit art,
Who dost Thy seven-fold gifts impart:
Thy blessèd Unction from above
Is comfort, life, and fire of love;
Enable with perpetual light
The dulness of our blinded sight:
Anoint and cheer our soilèd face
With the abundance of Thy grace:

Keep far our foes, give peace at home;
Where Thou art guide, no ill can come.
Teach us to know the Father, Son,
And Thee, of Both, to be but One;
That, through the ages all along,
This may be our endless song:
Praise to Thy eternal merit,
Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen.

116 "These were redeemed from among men."

ETERNAL Spirit! Source of truth!
Our contrite hearts inspire:
Kindle the flame of heavenly love,
And feed the pure desire.

'Tis Thine to soothe the sorrowing soul,
With guilt and fears opprest;
'Tis Thine to bid the dying live,
And give the weary rest.

Subdue the power of every sin,
Whate'er that sin may be;
That we, in singleness of heart,
May worship only Thee.

Then with our spirits witness bear
That we are sons of God,
Redeemed from sin, and death, and hell,
Through Christ's atoning blood.

117 "Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you."

GRACIOUS Spirit! Love divine,
Let Thy light around us shine;
All our guilty fears remove,
Fill us with Thy peace and love.

Pardon to the contrite give;
Bid the wounded sinner live;
Lead us to the Lamb of God;
Wash us in His precious blood.

Earnest Thou of heavenly rest,
Comfort every troubled breast;
Life, and joy, and peace impart,
Sanctifying every heart.

Guardian Spirit, lest we stray,
Keep us in the heavenly way;
Bring us to Thy courts above,
Realms of light and endless love.

118 **"And I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another Comforter."**

HOLY Ghost! Whose fire celestial
Light and life divine imparts,
Come and dwell in breasts terrestrial,
Heaven reveal in all our hearts.
Come and pour, in blest effusion,
Heavenly unction from above;
Scattering wide, in rich diffusion,
Comfort, light, and fire and love.

Keep Thy Church in holy union;
Foes remove, give peace at home:
Source of peace and sweet communion,
Where Thou dwell'st no ill can come.
Teach us humbly to adore Thee
While on earth we pass our days;
Then transport our souls to glory,
Lost in wonder, love and praise.

119 "I go to prepare a place for you."

ENTHRONED on high, Almighty Lord,
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us Thy faithful word,
And all Thy mercies crown.

Though on our heads no tongues of fire
Their wondrous powers impart,
Grant, Saviour, what we more desire,
Thy Spirit in our heart.

Spirit of life and light and love,
Thy heavenly influence give;
Quicken our souls, and let us prove
That in our Lord we live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of His grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of His face.

His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well!
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

120 "And suddenly there came a sound from heaven, as of a rushing mighty wind."

WHEN God of old came down from heaven,
In power and wrath He came;
Before His feet the clouds were riven,
Half darkness and half flame:

But when He came the second time,
He came in power and love;
Softer than gale at morning prime
Hovered His holy Dove.

The fires that rushed on Sinai down
In sudden torrents dread,
Now gently light, a glorious crown,
On every sainted head.

And as on Israel's awe-struck ear
The voice exceeding loud,
The trump that angels quake to hear,
Thrilled from the deep dark cloud;

So, when the Spirit of our God
Came down His flock to find,
A voice from heaven was heard abroad,
A rushing mighty wind.

It fills the Church of God; it fills
The sinful world around;
Only in stubborn hearts and wills
No place for it is found.

Come Lord, come Wisdom, Love, and Power,
Open our ears to hear;
Let us not miss the accepted hour;
Save, Lord, by love or fear. Amen.

121 "Thou art worthy, O Lord, to receive glory and honour and power."

CREATOR-Spirit, by Whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every humble mind,
And pour Thy joy on all mankind:
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples meet for Thee.

Thou Source of grace, descend from high
In all Thy seven-fold energy:
Thrice-holy Fount! Thrice-holy Fire!

Our hearts with heavenly love inspire:
Come, and Thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.

Immortal honour, endless fame,
Attend the Almighty Father's Name;
The Saviour-Son be glorified,
Who for lost man's redemption died;
And equal adoration be,
Eternal Spirit, paid to thee.

122 "Which of you convinceth me of sin?"

COME, Holy Spirit, come!
Let Thy bright beams arise,
Dispel the darkness from our minds,
And open all our eyes.

Convince us all of sin,
Then lead to Jesu's blood,
And to our wondering view reveal
The secret love of God.

Revive our drooping faith,
Our doubts and fears remove;
And kindle in our breasts the flame
Of never-dying love.

'Tis Thine to cleanse the heart,
To sanctify the soul,
To pour fresh life in every part,
And new-create the whole.

Dwell Thou within our hearts,
Our minds from bondage free;
So shall we know and praise and love
The Father, Son, and Thee!

123 "As many as are led by the Spirit of God, they are the sons of God."

COME, gracious Spirit, heavenly Dove,
With light and comfort from above;
Be Thou our Guardian, Thou our Guide,
O'er every thought and step preside.

The light of truth to us display,
And make us know and choose Thy way;
Plant holy fear in every heart,
That we from God may ne'er depart.

Lead us to Christ, the living Way,
Nor let us from His precepts stray;
Lead us to holiness, the road
That we must take to dwell with God.

Lead us to God, our final rest,
To be with Him for ever blest;
Lead us to Heaven, that we may share
Fulness of joy for ever there. Amen.

124 "I am Thy salvation."

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator, come,
And visit all the souls of Thine:
Thou hast inspired our hearts with life;
Inspire them now with life divine.

Thou art the Comforter, the Gift
Of God most high, the Fire of love,
The everlasting Spring of joy,
And Holy Unction from above.

Thy gifts are manifold; Thou writ'st
God's laws in every faithful heart;
The Promise of the Father, Thou
Dost heavenly eloquence impart.

Enlighten our dark souls till they
  Thy love, Thy heavenly love, embrace,
And, since we are by nature frail,
  Assist us with Thy saving grace.

125 "If I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send Him unto you."

OUR blest Redeemer, ere He breathed
  His tender last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed
  With us to dwell.

He came sweet influence to impart,
  A gracious willing Guest,
While He can find one humble heart
  Wherein to rest.

And His that gentle voice we hear,
  Soft as the breath of even,
That checks each thought, that calms each fear,
  And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
  And every conquest won,
And every thought of holiness,
  Are His alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
  Our weakness, pitying, see:
O make our hearts Thy dwelling-place,
  And worthier Thee.

O praise the Father; praise the Son;
  Blest Spirit, praise to Thee;
All praise to God, the Three in One,
  The One in Three. Amen.

126 "And the same day there were added unto them about three thousand souls."

SPIRIT of mercy, truth, and love,
O shed Thine influence from above;
And still from age to age convey
The wonders of this sacred day.

In every clime, by every tongue,
Be God's surpassing glory sung:
Let all the listening earth be taught
The wonders by our Saviour wrought.

Unfailing Comfort, Heavenly Guide,
Still o'er Thy holy Church preside;
Still let mankind Thy blessings prove;
Spirit of mercy, truth, and love.

O Holy Father, Holy Son,
And Holy Spirit, Three in One,
Thy grace devoutly we implore,
Thy Name be praised for evermore. Amen.

127 "The spirit of wisdom and understanding, the spirit of counsel and might, the spirit of knowledge and of the fear of God."

HOLY Spirit, once again
Come, Thou true Eternal God!
Nor Thy power descend in vain,
Make us ever Thine abode;
So shall Spirit, joy, and light
Dwell in us, where all was night.

Guide us, Lord, from day to day,
Keep us in the paths of grace,
Clear all hindrances away
That might foil us in the race;
When we stumble hear our call,
Work repentance for our fall.

Witness in our hearts that God
  Counts us children through His Son,
That our Father's gentle rod
  Smites us for our good alone;
So when tried, perplexed, distrest,
In His love we still may rest.

Quicken us to seek His face
  Freely, with a trusting heart,
In our prayers O breathe Thy grace,
  Go with us when we depart;
So shall our requests be heard,
And our faith to joy be stirred.

Lord, preserve us in the faith,
  Suffer nought to drive us thence,
Neither Satan, scorn, nor death;
  Be our God and our defence;
Though the flesh resist Thy will,
Let Thy word be stronger still.

And at last when we must die,
  O assure the sinking heart
Of the glorious realm on high
  Where Thou healest every smart,
Of the joys unspeakable
Where our God would have us dwell.

128 "The Church is subject unto Christ."

HARK, the Church proclaims her honour,
  And her strength is only this,
God hath laid His choice upon her,
  And the work she doth is His.

He His Church hath firmly founded,
  He will guard what He began;
We, by sin and foes surrounded,
  Build her bulwarks as we can.

Frail and fleeting are our powers,
Short our days, our foresight dim,
And we own the choice not ours,
We were chosen first by Him.

Onward then! for nought despairing,
Calm we follow at His word,
Thus through joy and sorrow bearing
Faithful witness to our Lord.

Though we here must strive with weakness,
Though in tears we often bend,
What His might began in meekness
Shall achieve a glorious end.

Trinity Sunday.

129 "He preserveth the souls of His Saints."

LEAD us, heavenly Father, lead us
O'er the world's tempestuous sea;
Guard us, guide us, keep us, feed us,
For we have no help but Thee;
Yet possessing
Every blessing,
If our God our Father be.

Saviour, breathe forgiveness o'er us;
All our weakness Thou dost know;
Thou didst tread this earth before us,
Thou didst feel its keenest woe;
Lone and dreary,
Faint and weary,
Through the desert Thou didst go.

Spirit of our God, descending,
Fill our hearts with heavenly joy;
Love with every passion blending,
Pleasure that can never cloy:
Thus provided,
Pardoned, guided,
Nothing can our peace destroy.

130 "O praise God in His holiness."

O GOD of life, Whose power benign
Doth o'er the world in mercy shine,
Accept our praise, for we are Thine.

O Father, all-creating Lord,
Be Thou by every tongue implored,
Be Thou by every heart adored.

O Son of God, for sinners slain,
We bless Thee, Lord, Whose dying pain
For us did endless life regain.

O Holy Ghost, Whose guardian care
Doth us for heavenly joys prepare,
May we in Thy communion share.

O Holy Blessed Trinity,
With faith we sinners bow to Thee;
In heaven and earth exalted be. Amen.

131 "O come, let us worship and fall down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker."

PARENT of all, whose love displayed
Still rules the world Thy bounty made,
Fain would we raise the hymn to Thee,
In substance One, in person Three.

Fain would we chant to Thee the song,
Which through the ages all along
Is chanted by Thy heavenly train,
And earth resounds to heaven again.

Taught by Thy word, this festal day
Our homage of true faith we pay;
O in that faith preserve us still,
And shield us evermore from ill.

That still our lips Thy praise may show,
And with Thy holy Church below,
Above with Thy angelic host,
Sing Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

132 "Thou hast in love to my soul delivered it from the pit of corruption; Thou hast cast all my sins behind Thy back.

GOD, my Father, hear me pray,
Wash my sin and guilt away;
Wretched, helpless, lost, undone,
Hear me for Thy blessed Son.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Saviour, look on me,
All my guilt I cast on Thee;
Give my troubled spirit peace,
Bid my fears and sorrows cease.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

God, my Comforter, my Light,
Strengthen me with holy might;
Make Thy dwelling in my heart,
Faith and joy and hope impart.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

Blessed, glorious Trinity,
Holy, everlasting Three!
Hear, O hear my earnest prayer,
And my soul for heaven prepare.
Lord, unnumbered sins are mine,
But eternal love is Thine.

133 "God hath chosen us in Him before the foundation of the world."

TO Him that chose us first,
Before the world began;
To Him Who bore the curse
To save rebellious man;
To Him that formed our hearts anew,
Are endless praise and glory due.

Let every saint above,
And angels round the throne,
For ever bless and love
The sacred Three in One:
The heavens shall raise His honours high,
Him all shall praise eternally.

To God the Father, Son,
And Spirit ever blest;
Eternal Three in One,
All honour be addrest:
Let ceaseless praise to God be given,
By all in earth, and all in heaven. Amen.

134 "Blessing, and glory, and wisdom, and thanksgiving, and honour, and power, and might, be unto our God, for ever and ever."

BLEST be the Father and His Love,
To Whose celestial source we owe
Rivers of endless joys above,
And streams of comfort here below.

Glory to Thee, great Son of God!
Forth from Whose wounded body ran
A precious stream of vital blood,
Pardon and life for dying man.

We give Thee, Sacred Spirit, praise,
Who, in our hearts of sin and woe,
Makest springs of living grace arise,
That on to boundless glory flow.

Thus God the Father, God the Son,
And God the Spirit we adore;
To Whom be equal honours done
By all the Church for evermore. Amen.

135 "Let us therefore come boldly unto the throne of grace, that we may obtain mercy, and find grace to help in time of need."

FATHER of heaven, Whose Love profound
A ransom for our souls hath found,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy pardoning love extend.

Almighty Son, Incarnate Word,
Our Prophet, Priest, Redeemer, Lord,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy saving grace extend.

Eternal Spirit, by Whose breath
The soul is raised from sin and death,
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
To us Thy quickening power extend.

Thrice Holy! Father, Spirit, Son;
Mysterious Godhead, Three in One;
Before Thy throne we sinners bend,
Grace, pardon, life, to all extend. Amen.

136 "They rest not day and night, saying, Holy, Holy, Holy, Lord God Almighty, which was, and is, and is to come."

HOLY, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty,
Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!

Holy, Holy, Holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea;
Cherubim and Seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, Holy, Holy! though the darkness hide Thee,
Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art Holy: there is none beside Thee
Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, Holy, Holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy Name, in earth, and sky, and sea:
Holy, Holy, Holy! merciful and mighty;
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity!
Amen.

137 "Whoso offereth Me thanks and praise, he honoureth Me."

GLORY be to God on high,
God, Whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of Heaven.

Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

Praise the Name of God Most High;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

Worship.

138 "Create in me a clean heart, O God; and renew a right spirit within me."

O FOR a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free,
A heart that's sprinkled with the blood
So freely shed for me.

An humble, lowly, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From Him Who dwells within.

A heart in every thought renewed,
And filled with love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of Thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write Thy new Name upon my heart,
Thy new, best Name of Love.

139 "Thy kingdom come."

MIGHTY Saviour, gracious King!
Now Thy waiting people bless;
Thou that dost deliverance bring,
Come to reign in righteousness.
Thou dost heavenly light impart;
Tune the ear to Sion's song;
Teach and guide the wayward heart;
Loose and prompt the stammering tongue.

Pour Thy Spirit from on high;
Come Thy mourning Church to bless;
Streams of life and joy supply,
Fill the world with righteousness.
Light shall then possess Thine own,
Holy, quiet, perfect peace;
And when heavenly seed is sown,
Thou wilt give the blest increase.

140 "He that believeth in Me hath everlasting life."

POUR down Thy Spirit, gracious Lord,
On all assembled here;
Let us receive the engrafted word
With meekness and with fear.

By faith in Thee the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he who in Thy Name believes
Shall live to die no more.

Preserve the power of faith alive
In those who love Thy Name;
For sin and Satan daily strive
To quench the sacred flame.

Thy grace and mercy first prevailed
From death to set us free;
And often since our life had failed,
Unless renewed by Thee.

To Thee we look, to Thee we bow,
To Thee for help we call;
Our life and resurrection Thou,
Our hope, our joy, our all.

141 "The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost, be with us all evermore."

LORD, enrich us with Thy blessing,
Fill our hearts with joy and peace;
Let us each, Thy love possessing,
Triumph in redeeming grace;
Oh, refresh us,
Travelling through life's wilderness.

Thanks we give and adoration
For Thy gospel's joyful sound;
May the fruits of Thy salvation
In our hearts and lives abound;
May Thy presence
With us evermore be found!

So whene'er the signal's given
Us from earth to call away,
Borne on angels' wings to heaven,
Glad the summons to obey,
May we ever
Reign with Christ in endless day.

To the Father, throned in heaven,
To the Saviour, Christ, His Son,
To the Spirit, praise be given,
Everlasting Three in One:
Praise Him! Praise Him!
Praise the Father, Spirit, Son. Amen.

142 "Whoso dwelleth under the defence of the Most High shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

GUIDE us, O Thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrims through this barren land;
We are weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold us with Thy powerful hand:
Bread of heaven,
Feed us till we want no more.

Open Thou the living Fountain,
Whence the healing waters flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead us all our journey through:
Strong Deliverer,
Be Thou still our Strength and Shield.

When we tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid our anxious fears subside;
Bear us through the swelling torrent,
Land us safe on Canaan's side:
Songs of praises
We will ever give to Thee.

143 "If we ask anything according to His will, He heareth us."

THOU boundless Source of every good,
Our best desires fulfil,
And help us with Thy heavenly grace
To work Thy holy will.

In all Thy mercies may our souls
Thy bounteous goodness see;
Nor let the gifts Thy hand imparts
Estrange our hearts from Thee.

Do Thou direct our steps aright,
Help us Thy Name to fear,
And give us grace to watch and pray,
And strength to persevere.

Then may we close our eyes in death
Free from distracting care;
For death is life, and labour rest,
If Thou art with us there.

144 "The brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person."

O JESU, Lord of heavenly grace,
Thou brightness of Thy Father's face,
Thou Fountain of eternal light,
Whose beams disperse the shades of night!

Come, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down Thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray.

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious Name;
His mighty succour we implore,
That we may stand to fall no more.

Be Thou our guide, be Thou our goal,
Our joy when sorrow fills the soul;
In life, our pathway to the skies;
In death, our everlasting prize.

145 "Rejoice in the Lord, ye righteous, and give thanks for a remembrance of His holiness."

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of His choice;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

O for the living flame,
From His own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven each thought!

God is our strength and song,
And His salvation ours;
Then be His love in Christ proclaimed
With all our ransomed powers.

Arise and bless the Lord,
The Lord your God adore;
Arise and bless His glorious Name,
Henceforth for evermore.

146 "He took a child and set him in the midst."

LORD, if Thou Thy grace impart,
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
Like the Saviour we shall be,
Clothed with His humility.

Simple, teachable, and mild;
Humble as a little child;
Pleased with what the Lord provides;
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix our souls on Thee;
Every evil let us flee;
Always happy in Thy love;
Looking for our rest above.

All that seek will surely find
Every good in Christ combined:
Him let Israel still adore,
Trust and praise Him evermore.

147 "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them."

GRACIOUS Saviour, Lord of glory,
Look in mercy from above;
We Thy servants now before Thee
Ask Thy blessing, seek Thy love.

Grant to each the ear for hearing,
Hearts obedient to Thy call;
Teach us through Thy love endearing
To confess Thee Lord of all.

Let Thy kingdom be our treasure,
Let Thy love be all our joy,
Let Thy service be our pleasure,
And Thy word our thoughts employ.

Whilst Thy faithless foes deride us,
While by sin we're sore distrest,
Christ defend us, cleanse us, guide us
Safe to Thine eternal rest.

148 "At the name of Jesus every knee shall bow."

BRETHREN, let us join and bless
Christ the Lord, our righteousness!
Let our praise to Him be given,
High at God's right hand in heaven.

Son of God! to Thee we bow:
Thou art Lord, and only Thou;
Thou the blessed Virgin's seed,
Glory of Thy Church, and Head.

Thee the angels ceaseless sing;
Thee we praise, our Priest and King;
Worthy is Thy Name of praise,
Full of glory, full of grace.

May we follow and adore
Thee, our Saviour, evermore;
Guide and bless us with Thy love,
Till we join Thy saints above.

149 "We are His people and the sheep of His pasture."

GREAT God, we sing Thy mighty hand,
By which supported still we stand;
By Thine unceasing bounty fed,
By Thine unerring counsels led.

By night, by day, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God;
Thy goodness all our hopes shall raise,
Adored through all our changing days.

With grateful hearts the past we own;
The future, all to us unknown,
We to Thy care and love commit,
And peaceful leave before Thy feet.

When death shall close our earthly songs,
And seal in silence mortal tongues,
Our Helper, God, in Whom we trust,
In brighter worlds our souls shall boast.

150 "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, goodwill toward men."

GLORY be to God on high,
God, Whose glory fills the sky;
Peace on earth, and man forgiven,
Man, the well-beloved of heaven.

Hail, by all Thy works adored!
Hail, the everlasting Lord!
All Thy glories we confess,
Infinite and numberless.

Holy Spirit, Thee we own;
Thee, O Christ, the only Son!
Lamb of God for sinners slain,
Saviour of offending men.

Praise the name of God Most High;
Praise Him, all below the sky;
Praise Him, all ye heavenly host,
Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

151 "The very God of peace sanctify us wholly."

HOLY Spirit, heavenly Dove,
Breathe upon us from above,
And with Thy celestial fire,
Zeal inflame, and love inspire.

On this congregation pour
Heavenly blessings like a shower;
Streams of grace upon us shed;
Teach the living, raise the dead.

Bid each groundless fear depart;
Sanctify each carnal heart;
Rouse the careless, cheer the faint;
Feed and comfort every saint.

Every soul do Thou engage,
Every Christian's grief assuage;
Be our Counsellor and Guide;
Lead to Jesus crucified.

152 "Through Him we have access by one Spirit unto the Father."

COMMAND Thy blessing from above,
O God, on all assembled here;
Behold us with a Father's love,
While we look up with filial fear.

Command Thy blessing, Jesus, Lord,
May we Thy true disciples be;
Speak to each heart the mighty word;
Say to the weakest, 'Follow Me.'

Command Thy blessing in this hour,
Spirit of Truth! and fill this place
With humbling and exalting power,
With quickening and confirming grace.

O Thou our Maker, Saviour, Guide,
One true eternal God confest;
May nought in life or death divide
The saints in Thy communion blest.

153 "Rejoice in the Lord alway: and again I say, Rejoice."

GREAT the joy when Christians meet;
Christian fellowship how sweet!
When, their theme of praise the same,
They exalt Jehovah's Name.

Sing we then eternal Love,
Such as did the Father move:
He beheld the world undone,
Loved the world, and gave His Son.

Sing the Son's unbounded Love,
How He left the realms above;
Took our nature and our place,
Lived and died to save our race.

Sing we too the Spirit's Love;
With our stubborn hearts He strove;
Chased the mists of sin away,
Turned our night to glorious day.

Great the joy, the union sweet,
When the saints in glory meet;
Where the theme is still the same,
Where they praise Jehovah's Name.

154 "This Jesus hath God raised up."

COME, and let us praise our King;
He is worthy to be praised:
Should His saints refuse to sing,
How would angels stand amazed!
O exalt the sinner's Friend,
Let His praises never end.

There He dwells Whom angels sing;
Once He bore the cross below;
Jesus, Heaven's eternal King,
Lived on earth a man of woe;
Now He reigns, and reigns above,
Jesus reigns, the God of Love.

Hail, immortal King of Heaven!
Endless praise surround Thy throne:
Lamb of God, for sinners given,
Thou art worthy, Thou alone!
Thee we serve, and Thee we sing,
Jesus, hail, eternal King!

155 "There shall be one fold and one Shepherd."

GREAT Shepherd of Thy people, hear,
Thy presence now display:
As Thou hast given a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Shew us some token of Thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour Thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Within these walls let holy peace
And love and concord dwell:
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

The hearing ear, the seeing eye,
The contrite heart bestow;
And shine upon us from on high,
That we in grace may grow.

156 "Behold your King."

COME, ye that love the Saviour's Name,
And joy to make it known;
The Sovereign of your hearts proclaim,
And bow before His throne.

Behold your King, your Saviour, crowned
With glories all divine!
And tell the wondering nations round,
How bright those glories shine.

When in His earthly courts we view
The glories of our King,
We long to love as angels do,
And wish like them to sing.

And shall we long and wish in vain?
Lord, teach our songs to rise!
Thy love can animate the strain,
And bid it reach the skies.

O happy period! glorious day!
When heaven and earth shall raise,
With all their powers, the raptured lay
To celebrate Thy praise.

157 "Sing ye praises with understanding."

SONGS of praise the angels sang,
Heaven with Alleluias rang,
When creation was begun,
When God spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose when He
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day;
God will make new heavens, new earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No, the Church delights to raise
Psalms and hymns and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
Still in songs of praise rejoice;
Learning here, by faith and love,
Songs of praise to sing above.

Hymns of glory, songs of praise,
Father, unto Thee we raise,
Jesu, glory unto Thee,
With the Spirit, ever be.

158 "Praise the Lord, O my soul: O Lord my God, Thou art become exceeding glorious; Thou art clothed with majesty and honour."

O WORSHIP the King
All glorious above;
O gratefully sing
His power and His love;
Our Shield and Defender,
The Ancient of days,
Pavilioned in splendour,
And girded with praise.

O tell of His might,
O sing of His grace,
Whose robe is the light,
Whose canopy space;
His chariots of wrath
The thunder clouds form,
And dark is His path
On the wings of the storm.

Frail children of dust,
And feeble as frail,
In Thee do we trust,
Nor find Thee to fail.
Thy mercies how tender!
How firm to the end!
Our Maker, Defender,
Redeemer, and Friend.

O measureless Might,
Ineffable Love:
While angels delight
To hymn Thee above,
Thy ransomed creation,
Though feeble their lays,
With true adoration
Shall sing to Thy praise. Amen.

159 "Praise the Lord, O my soul; and all that is within me praise His Holy Name."

PRAISE, my soul, the King of Heaven,
To His feet thy tribute bring;
Ransomed, healed, restored, forgiven,
Evermore His praises sing,
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise the everlasting King.

Praise Him for His grace and favour
To our fathers in distress;
Praise Him still the same as ever,
Slow to chide, and swift to bless:
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Glorious in His faithfulness.

Father-like, He tends and spares us,
Well our feeble frame He knows;
In His hands He gently bears us,
Rescues us from all our foes;
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Widely yet His mercy flows.

Angels in the height adore Him!
Ye behold Him face to face;
Saints triumphant bow before Him!
Gathered in from every race.
Alleluia! Alleluia!
Praise with us the God of grace. Amen.

160 "Ye are the temple of the living God."

SPIRIT of God, Whose sacred fire
Wisdom and power and love conveys,
Thy grace impart, our souls inspire
With holy hope and fervent praise.

O Thou Who hast Thine unction poured
In rich abundance o'er the head
Of each ordained to speak Thy word,
On us that quickening influence shed.

With beams of heavenly light sent down,
Dispel the night from every mind;
Give us that peace which they alone
Who love the Saviour surely find.

Thy living temples may we be,
  Cleansed by Thy hallowing presence, Lord;
Abide in us, and we in Thee,
  Supremely loved, obeyed, adored:
Our sins washed out by Jesus' blood,
  Our spirits sanctified by grace:
Then raise us up to meet our God,
  And see the Saviour face to face.

Holy Communion.

161 "The bread of God is He which cometh down from Heaven."

THIS is the feast of heavenly wine,
  And God invites to sup;
The juices of the living vine
  Are pressed to fill the cup.

Oh, bless the Saviour, ye that eat,
  With royal dainties fed;
Not heaven affords a costlier treat,
  For Jesus is the bread.

The vile, the lost, He calls to them,
  Ye trembling souls, appear:
The righteous in their own esteem
  Have no acceptance here.

Approach, ye poor, nor dare refuse
  The banquet spread for you:
Dear Saviour, this is welcome news,
  Then I may venture too.

If guilt and sin afford a plea,
  And may obtain a place,
Surely the Lord will welcome me,
  And I shall see His face.

162 "I will go unto the Altar of God, even unto the God of my joy and gladness."

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
Lord, to Thine Altar's shade we fly;
Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
Saviour, we seek Thy shelter here:
Weary and weak, Thy grace we pray;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
Long have we sought Thy rest in vain;
Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
Long have our souls been tempest-tost:
Low at Thy feet our sins we lay;
Turn not, O Lord, Thy guests away.

163 "Whoso eateth My flesh and drinketh My blood hath eternal life."

BREAD of the world, in mercy broken!
Wine of the soul, in mercy shed!
By Whom the words of life were spoken,
And in Whose death our sins are dead;
Look on the heart by sorrow broken,
Look on the tears by sinners shed,
And be Thy feast to us the token
That by Thy grace our souls are fed.

164 "Ye are the temple of the living God."

LORD, when before Thy throne we meet,
Thy goodness to adore,
From Heaven, the eternal mercy-seat,
On us Thy blessing pour,
And make our inmost souls to be
An habitation meet for Thee.

The Body for our ransom given,
The Blood in mercy shed,
With this immortal Food from Heaven,
Lord, let our souls be fed;
And as we round Thy table kneel,
Help us Thy quickening grace to feel.

Be Thou, O Holy Spirit, nigh!
Accept the humble prayer,
The contrite soul's repentant sigh,
The sinner's heartfelt tear;
And let our adoration rise
As fragrant incense to the skies.

165 **"My Flesh is meat indeed, and My Blood is drink indeed."**

O GOD, unseen yet ever near,
Thy presence may we feel;
And, thus inspired with holy fear,
Before Thine Altar kneel.

Here may Thy faithful people know
The blessings of Thy love,
The streams that through the desert flow,
The manna from above.

We come, obedient to Thy word,
To feast on heavenly Food;
Our meat, the Body of the Lord,
Our drink, His precious blood.

Thus may we all Thy words obey,
For we, O God, are Thine;
And go rejoicing on our way,
Renewed with strength divine.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom we adore,
Be glory, as it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

166 "This do in remembrance of Me."

BREAD of heaven, on Thee we feed,
For Thy Flesh is meat indeed;
Ever may our souls be fed
With this true and living Bread;
Day by day with strength supplied,
Through the life of Him Who died.

Vine of heaven, Thy Blood supplies
This blest cup of sacrifice;
Lord, Thy Wounds our healing give,
To Thy Cross we look and live:
Jesus, may we ever be
Grafted, rooted, built in Thee. Amen.

167 "Come, for all things are now ready."

MY God, and is Thy table spread,
And doth Thy cup with love o'erflow?
Thither be all Thy children led,
And let them all Thy sweetness know.

Hail, sacred Feast, which Jesus makes,
Rich banquet of His Flesh and Blood!
Thrice happy he who here partakes
That sacred stream, that heavenly food.

Why are its dainties all in vain
Before unwilling hearts displayed?
Was not for them the Victim slain?
Are they forbid the children's bread?

O let Thy table honoured be,
And furnished well with joyful guests;
And may each soul salvation see
That here its sacred pledges tastes.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

168 "The cup of blessing which we bless, is it not the communion of the Blood of Christ? The bread which we break, is it not the communion of the Body of Christ?"

NOW, my tongue, the mystery telling
Of the glorious Body sing,
And the Blood, all price excelling,
Which the Gentiles' Lord and King,
In a Virgin's womb once dwelling,
Shed for this world's ransoming.

Given for us, and condescending
To be born for us below,
He with men in converse blending
Dwelt the seed of truth to sow,
Till He closed with wondrous ending
His most patient life of woe.

That last night at supper lying,
'Mid the Twelve, His chosen band,
Jesus, with the law complying,
Keeps the feast its rites demand;
Then, more precious Food supplying,
Gives Himself with His own Hand.

Word-made-Flesh true bread He maketh
By His word His Flesh to be;

Wine, His Blood; which whoso taketh
Must from carnal thoughts be free;
Faith alone, though sight forsaketh,
Shews true hearts the mystery.

Therefore we, before Him bending,
This great Sacrament revere;
Types and shadows have their ending,
For the newer rite is here;
Faith, our outward sense befriending,
Makes our inward vision clear.

169 "Jesus said, I am that Bread of Life."

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts,
Thou Fount of Life, Thou Light of men,
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to Thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood;
Thou savest those that on Thee call;
To them that seek Thee Thou art good,
To them that find Thee, All in All!

We taste Thee, O Thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon Thee still;
We drink of Thee the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from Thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for Thee
Where'er our changeful lot is cast;
Glad when Thy gracious smile we see,
Blest when our faith can hold Thee fast.

O Jesu, ever with us stay,
Make all our moments calm and bright;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world Thy holy light.

Baptism.

170 "The washing of regeneration."

'TIS done; that new and heavenly birth
Which re-creates the sons of earth,
And cleanses from the guilt of sin
The souls whom Jesus died to win.

'Tis done; the Cross upon the brow
Is marked for weal or sorrow now;
To shine with heavenly lustre bright,
Or burn in everlasting night.

O ye who brought that babe to-day
Within a Saviour's arms to lay,
Watch well and guard with careful eye
The heir of immortality.

Teach it to know a Father's love,
And seek for happiness above,
To Christ its heart and treasure give,
And in the Spirit ever live.

That so before the judgment-seat
In joy and triumph ye may meet;
The battle fought, the struggle o'er,
The kingdom yours for evermore.

Praise God from Whom all blessings flow,
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.
Amen.

171 "As many of you as have been baptized into Christ have put on Christ."

IN token that thou shalt not fear
Christ Crucified to own,
We print the cross upon thee here,
And mark thee His alone.

In token that thou shalt not blush
To glory in His Name,
We blazon here upon thy front
His glory and His shame.

In token that thou shalt not fear
Christ's conflict to maintain,
But 'neath His banner manfully
Firm at thy post remain;

In token that thou too shalt tread
The path He travelled by,
Endure the cross, despise the shame,
And sit with Him on high;

Thus, outwardly and visibly,
We seal thee for His own;
And may the brow that wears His cross
Hereafter share His crown!

172 "I am the Good Shepherd."

SAVIOUR, Who Thy flock art feeding
With the shepherd's kindest care,
All the feeble gently leading,
While the lambs Thy bosom share;

Now, these little ones receiving,
Fold them in Thy gracious arm;
There, we know, Thy word believing,
Only there secure from harm.

Never, from Thy pasture roving,
Let them be the lion's prey;
Let Thy tenderness so loving
Keep them all life's dangerous way:

Then, within Thy fold eternal,
Let them find a resting-place,
Feed in pastures ever vernal,
Drink the rivers of Thy grace.

Confirmation.

173 "The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost."

COME, Holy Ghost, Creator blest,
Vouchsafe within our souls to rest;
Come with Thy grace and heavenly aid,
And fill the hearts which Thou hast made.

O Comforter, to Thee we cry;
Thou Heavenly gift of God Most High:
Thou Fount of life, and Fire of love,
And sweet Anointing from above.

O Finger of the Hand divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine;
The promise of the Father Thou,
Who dost the tongue with power endow.

Thy light to every sense impart,
And shed Thy love in every heart;
The weakness of our flesh supply
With strength and courage from on high.

Drive far away our ghostly foe,
And peace for evermore bestow:
If Thou be our preventing guide,
No evil can our steps betide.

O Holy Ghost, through Thee alone
We know the Father and the Son:
Be this our never-changing creed,
That Thou dost from them Both proceed.

Praise we the Father and the Son,
And Holy Spirit with them One:
And may the Son on us bestow
The gifts that from the Spirit flow. Amen.

Ember Weeks.

174 "He gave some Apostles, and some Prophets, and some Evangelists, and some Pastors and Teachers."

FATHER of mercies, bow Thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We plead for those who plead for Thee;
Successful pleaders may they be!

Clothe Thou with energy divine
Their words, and let those words be Thine;
To them Thy sacred truth reveal,
Dispel their fear, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the heavenly seed,
Teach them Thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them immortal souls to gain,
And save from everlasting pain.

Let sinners break their iron chains,
And sorrowing hearts forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

175 "Let Thy priests be clothed with righteousness."

POUR down Thy Spirit from on high;
Lord, Thine assembled people bless;
Graces and gifts to each supply,
And clothe Thy priests with righteousness.

Wisdom and zeal and faith impart,
Firmness and meekness from above,
To bear Thy people in their heart,
And love the souls whom Thou dost love;

To watch and pray, and never faint;
By day and night their guard to keep;
To warn the sinner, cheer the saint,
Protect Thy lambs, and feed Thy sheep.

So, when their work is finished here,
They may in hope their charge resign;
Before the throne with joy appear,
And there with endless glory shine.

176 "Preach the Gospel to every creature, baptizing them in the name of the Father and of the Son and of the Holy Ghost."

O SPIRIT of the living God,
In all the fulness of Thy grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend upon our fallen race.

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love
To preach the reconciling word;
Give power and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Fill every darkened mind with light,
Inspire our souls with holy fear;
Our weakness aid with heavenly light,
With heavenly peace our bosoms cheer.

Baptize the nations far and nigh,
The triumphs of Thy Cross record;
The Name of Jesus glorify,
Till every tongue shall call Him Lord.

177 "Unto every one of us is given grace according to the measure of the gift of Christ."

O GUARDIAN of the Church Divine,
The sevenfold gifts of grace are Thine,
And kindled by Thy hidden fires
The soul to highest aims aspires.

Thy priests with wisdom, Lord, endue,
Their hearts with love and zeal renew;
Turn all their weakness into might,
O Thou the source of life and light.

Spirit of truth, on us bestow
The faith in all its power to know;
That with the saints of ages gone,
And those to come, we may be one.

Protect Thy Church from every foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Convert the world, make all confess
The glories of Thy righteousness.

All praise to God the Father be,
All praise, eternal Son, to Thee,
Whom, with the Spirit, we adore
For ever and for evermore. Amen.

New Year.

178 "Account that the long-suffering of our Lord is salvation."

BLESS, O Lord, the opening year
To the souls assembled here;
Clothe Thy word with power Divine,
Make us willing to be Thine.

Shepherd of Thy blood-bought sheep,
Teach the hardened soul to weep;
Let the blind have eyes to see,
See their sins, and look to Thee.

Where Thou hast Thy work begun,
Give new strength the race to run;
Scatter darkness, doubts, and fears,
Wipe away the mourner's tears.

Bless us all, both old and young,
Call forth praise from every tongue;
Let our whole assembly prove
Thy power, Thy mercy, and Thy love.

179 "Hitherto hath the Lord helped us."

OUR helper, God, we bless Thy Name,
Whose power and grace are still the same;
The tokens of Thy friendly care
Commence, and crown, and close the year.

Amidst ten thousand snares we stand,
Supported by Thy guardian hand;
And mark, when we regard our ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far Thine arm hath led us on;
Thus far we make Thy mercy known;
And while we tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Our grateful souls, on Jordan's shore,
Would raise one sacred pillar more;
Then grave in brighter courts above
Inscriptions of immortal love.

180 "Pass the time of your sojourning here in fear."

MOURNING under Babel's willows,
Judah's captives, sad, forlorn,
Found in this their greatest solace,
"Unto us a Child is born."

Aged Simeon, long expectant,
Saw the Branch of Jesse's stem,
Then his spirit, bursting bondage,
Sought the New Jerusalem.

Children with their loud Hosannas
Made the temple's arches ring,
Ever singing, ever praising
Sion's Saviour, Sion's King.

Thou, Who in Thy kind compassion
Badest children come to Thee;
Thou, Who pride and envy hating
Lov'st a child's humility;

Thou, Who from Thy throne in heaven,
'Midst the glorious Cherubim,
Cam'st from Satan to redeem us,
Cleanse us from the stain of sin.

Jesus, Lord, in faith we ask it,
Teach us to amend our ways,
Whilst we, year by year uniting,
Join in solemn hymns of praise.

New Year's Eve.

181 "The time is short."

SERIOUS and solemn tolls the bell
That bids us bless the parting soul;
Christians, thus serious be the song
Which tells the year has reached its goal.

Now memory trace thy record o'er,
And aid thee to review the past;
Repentant mourn the days misspent,
And suit thy soul to meet the last.

For sure as summer suns have set,
And sure as wintry storms descend,
Thy lamp of life shall set in night,
And all thy worldly prospects end.

Live then to God, for thus alone
Calm thou canst meet the latest hour;
Contented wait each change that comes,
Till time itself shall be no more.

And when the Book of Life and Death
Recording angels shall display,
With pious hope canst quit the tomb,
And welcome an eternal day.

182 "So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom."

FOR Thy mercy and Thy grace,
Constant through another year,
Hear our song of thankfulness;
Jesu, our Redeemer, hear.

In our weakness and distress,
Rock of Strength, be Thou our stay;
In the pathless wilderness
Be our true and living way.

Who of us death's awful road
In the coming year shall tread,
With Thy rod and staff, O God,
Comfort Thou his dying bed.

Make us faithful, make us pure,
Keep us evermore Thine own,
Help Thy servants to endure,
Fit us for the promised crown.

So within Thy palace gate
We shall praise, on golden strings,
Thee the only Potentate,
Lord of lords, and King of kings. Amen.

183 "Let us therefore come boldly unto the Throne of Grace."

NOW, gracious Lord, Thine arm reveal,
And make Thy glory known;
Now let us all Thy presence feel,
And soften hearts of stone.

Help us to venture near Thy throne,
And plead a Saviour's Name;
For all that we can call our own
Is vanity and shame.

From all the guilt of former sin,
May mercy set us free;
And let the year we now begin,
Begin and end with Thee.

Send down Thy Spirit from above,
That saints may love the more,
And sinners now may learn to love,
Who never loved before.

And when before Thee we appear
In our eternal home,
May growing numbers worship here,
And praise Thee in our room.

184 "Lord, Thou hast been our Refuge from one generation to another."

O GOD, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home!

Beneath the shadow of Thy Throne
Thy saints have dwelt secure;
Sufficient is Thine arm alone,
And our defence is sure.

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting Thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in Thy sight
Are like an evening gone;
Short as the watch that ends the night
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away;
They fly forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

O God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come;
Be Thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home. Amen.

185 "Thou hast made my days as it were a span long."

ALMIGHTY Maker of my frame,
Teach me the measure of my days;
Teach me to know how frail I am,
And spend the remnant to Thy praise.

My days are shorter than a span,
A little point my life appears:
How frail, at best, is dying man!
How vain are all his hopes and fears!

Oh, be a nobler portion mine!
My God, I bow before Thy throne:
Earth's fleeting treasures I resign,
And fix my hope on Thee alone.

186 "Casting all your care upon Him, for He careth for you."

GOD of our life! Thy various praise
Let mortal voices sound:
Thy hand revolves our fleeting days,
And brings the seasons round.

To Thee shall annual incense rise,
Our Father and our Friend;
While annual mercies from the skies
In genial streams descend.

In every scene of life Thy care,
In every age we see;
And constant as Thy favours are,
So let our praises be.

Still may Thy love in every scene,
In every age appear;
And let the same compassion deign
To bless the opening year.

O keep this foolish heart of mine
From anxious passions free:
Each comfort teach me to resign,
And trust my all to Thee.

If mercy smile, let mercy bring
My wandering soul to God:
And in affliction I shall sing,
If Thou wilt bless the rod.

Morning.

187 "I myself will awake right early."

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run;
Shake off dull sloth, and early rise
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

Redeem thy mis-spent moments past,
And live this day as if thy last;
Thy talents to improve take care;
For the great day thyself prepare.

Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noon-day clear;
For God's all-seeing eye surveys
Thy secret thoughts, thy works, thy ways.

Lord, I my vows to Thee renew,
Disperse my sins as morning dew;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with Thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say;
That all my powers with all their might
In Thy sole glory may unite.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost. Amen.

188 "His compassions fail not: they are new every morning."

NEW every morning is the love
Our wakening and uprising prove;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask,
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in Thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. Amen.

189

"I have set God always before me; for He is on my right hand, therefore I shall not fall."

FORTH in Thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labour to pursue;
Thee, only Thee, resolved to know
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task Thy wisdom hath assigned
O let me cheerfully fulfil;
In all my works Thy presence find,
And prove Thy good and perfect will.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see;
And labour on at Thy command,
And offer all my works to Thee.

Give me to bear Thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to Thy glorious day.

Fain would I still for Thee employ
Whate'er Thy bounteous grace hath given,
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with Thee to heaven.

To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
The God Whom heaven and earth adore,
From men and from the angel-host
Be praise and glory evermore. Amen.

190 "My voice shalt Thou hear in the morning, O Lord."

WHEN, streaming from the eastern skies,
The morning light salutes my eyes,
O Sun of Righteousness divine,
On me with beams of mercy shine;
Chase the dark clouds of guilt away,
And turn my darkness into day.

When to heaven's great and glorious King
My morning sacrifice I bring,
And, mourning o'er my guilt and shame,
Ask mercy in my Saviour's name;
Then, Jesus, sprinkle with Thy blood,
And be my Advocate with God.

As every day Thy mercy spares
Will bring its trials and its cares,
O Saviour, till my life shall end,
Be Thou my Counsellor and Friend:
Teach me Thy precepts all divine,
And be Thy great example mine.

Evening.

191 "He shall defend Thee under His wings."

GLORY to Thee, my God, this night
For all the blessings of the light;
Keep me, O keep me, King of kings,
Beneath Thine own Almighty wings.

Forgive me, Lord, for Thy dear Son,
The ill that I this day have done,
That with the world, myself, and Thee,
I, ere I sleep, at peace may be.

Teach me to live, that I may dread
The grave as little as my bed;
Teach me to die, that so I may
Rise glorious at the awful Day.

O may my soul on Thee repose,
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close;
Sleep that shall me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

When in the night I sleepless lie,
My soul with heavenly thoughts supply;
Let no ill dreams disturb my rest,
No powers of darkness me molest.

Praise God, from Whom all blessings flow;
Praise Him, all creatures here below;
Praise Him above, angelic host;
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

192 "Abide with us."

SUN of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near:
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
For ever on my Saviour's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of Thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take;
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. Amen.

193 "Abide with us; for it is toward evening, and the day is far spent."

ABIDE with me; fast falls the eventide;
The darkness deepens; Lord, with me abide;
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
Help of the helpless, O abide with me.

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;
Change and decay in all around I see;
O Thou Who changest not, abide with me.

I need Thy presence every passing hour;
What but Thy grace can foil the tempter's power?
Who like Thyself my guide and stay can be?
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me.

I fear no foe with Thee at hand to bless;
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;
Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?
I triumph still, if Thou abide with me.

Hold Thou Thy Cross before my closing eyes;
Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies;
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me. Amen.

194 "Let the lifting up of my hands be an evening sacrifice."

THE sun is sinking fast,
The daylight dies;
Let love awake, and pay
Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the Cross
His Head inclined,
And to His Father's hands
His parting soul resigned;

So now herself my soul
Would wholly give
Into His sacred charge,
In Whom all spirits live;

So now beneath His eye
  Would calmly rest,
Without a wish or thought
  Abiding in the breast;

Save that His Will be done,
  Whate'er betide;
Dead to herself, and dead
  In Him to all beside.

Thus would I live: yet now
  Not I, but He
In all His power and love
  Henceforth alive in me.

One Sacred Trinity!
  One Lord Divine!
May I be ever His,
  And He for ever mine. Amen.

195 "I will lay me down in peace and take my rest."

THROUGH the day Thy love has spared us,
  Now we lay us down to rest;
Through the silent watches guard us,
  Let no foe our peace molest;
    Jesu, Thou our Guardian be;
    Sweet it is to trust in Thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
  Dwelling in the midst of foes,
Us and ours preserve from dangers,
  In Thine arms may we repose,
    And, when life's sad day is past,
    Rest with Thee in heaven at last.
      Amen.

196 "There shall be no night there."

GREAT God, Who, hid from mortal sight,
Dost dwell in unapproached light,
Before Whose presence angels bow
With faces veiled, in homage low;

Awhile in darkness we remain,
And round us yet are sin and pain;
But soon the everlasting day
Shall chase our shades of night away.

For Thou hast promised, gracious Lord,
A day of gladness and reward;
A day but faintly imaged here
By brightest sun at noontide clear.

Too long, alas! it still delays;
It lingers yet, that day of days;
Our mortal strife and toil must cease
Before we win its heavenly peace.

Then, from its fleshly bonds set free,
The soul shall fly, O God, to Thee;
To see Thee, love Thee, and adore,
Her blissful task for evermore.

Great Trinity, our hearts prepare,
The fulness of Thy joy to share;
Life's transient light may we improve,
And gain eternal light above. Amen.

197 "He shall give His angels charge over thee."

GOD, Who madest earth and heaven,
Darkness and light;
Who the day for toil hast given,
For rest the night;

May Thine angel-guards defend us,
Slumber sweet Thy mercy send us,
Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
And, when we die,
May we in Thy mighty keeping
All peaceful lie:
When the last dread call shall wake us,
Do not Thou our God forsake us,
But to reign in glory take us
With Thee on high. Amen.

198 "The day is Thine, the night also is Thine."

BLEST Creator of the light,
Making day with radiance bright,
Thou didst o'er the forming earth
Give the golden light its birth.

Shade of eve with morning ray
Took from Thee the name of Day:
Now again the shades are nigh,
Listen to our humble cry.

May we ne'er by guilt depressed
Lose the way to endless rest;
Nor with idle thoughts and vain
Bind our souls to earth again.

Rather may we heavenward rise
Where eternal treasure lies;
Purified by grace within,
Hating every deed of sin.

Holy Father, hear our cry
Through Thy Son, our Lord most High,
Whom our thankful hearts adore
With the Spirit evermore. Amen.

199 "O send out Thy Light and Thy Truth, that they may lead me."

GOD the Father, be Thou near,
Save from every harm to-night;
Make us all Thy children dear,
In the darkness be our Light.

God the Saviour, be our Peace,
Put away our sins to-night;
Speak the word of full release,
Turn our darkness into light.

Holy Spirit, deign to come,
Sanctify us all to-night;
In our hearts prepare Thy home,
Then our darkness shall be light.

Holy Trinity, be nigh!
Mystery of love adored,
Help to live and help to die,
Lighten all our darkness, Lord!

The Lord's Day.

200 "One day in Thy courts is better than a thousand."

WELCOME, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes!

The King Himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day:
Here we may meet, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.

One day within the place
Where Thou, my God, hast been,
Is better than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.

My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And gladly sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

201 "Ye shall find rest unto your souls."

LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this Thy house, on this Thy day;
And own, as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from the desert rise.

Thy day of rest, O Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
To that our labouring souls aspire
With ardent hope and strong desire.

In Thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no waning moon,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

O long-expected day, begin,
Dawn on these realms of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
And sleep in death to rest with God. Amen.

202 "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

THINE earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
To that our longing souls aspire
With cheerful hope and strong desire.

No more fatigue, no more distress,
Nor sin nor hell shall reach the place;
No groans to mingle with the songs
That warble from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes;
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

Thine earthly sabbaths, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above:
O may our souls that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

203 "This is the day which the Lord hath made."

GREAT God, this sacred day of Thine
Demands the soul's collected powers:
Gladly we now to Thee resign
These solemn consecrated hours.
Oh, may our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne!

Hence, ye vain cares and trifles, fly!
Where God resides, appear no more.
All-seeing God! Thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore.
Oh, may Thy grace our bosoms move,
And fix our thoughts on things above!

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart,
And bid Thy word, with life divine,
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be Thine:
Then shall our souls adoring own
The grace that calls us to Thy throne.

204 "The Sabbath a delight, holy of the Lord, honourable."

LIGHT of light, enlighten me
Now anew the day is dawning;
Sun of grace, the shadows flee,
Brighten Thou my Sabbath morning:
With Thy joyous sunshine blest,
Happy is my day of rest.

Fount of all our joy and peace,
To Thy living waters lead me;
Thou from earth my soul release,
And with grace and mercy feed me;
Bless Thy word that it may prove
Rich in fruits that Thou dost love.

Let me with my heart to-day,
Holy, Holy, Holy, singing,
Rapt awhile from earth away,
All my soul to Thee up-springing,
Have a foretaste inly given
How they worship Thee in heaven.

Rest in me and I in Thee,
Build a Paradise within me;
O reveal Thyself to me,
Blessed Love, who diedst to win me;
Fed from Thine exhaustless urn,
Pure and bright my lamp shall burn.

Hence all care, all vanity,
For the day to God is holy;
Come, Thou glorious Majesty,
Deign to fill this temple lowly;
Nought to-day my soul shall move,
Simply resting in Thy love.

Harvest.

205 "Thou visitest the earth, and blessest it; Thou makest it very plenteous."

FOUNTAIN of mercy, God of love,
How rich Thy bounties are!
The rolling seasons, as they move,
Proclaim Thy constant care.

When in the bosom of the earth
The sower hid the grain,
Thy goodness marked its secret birth,
And sent the early rain.

The spring's sweet influence, Lord, was Thine;
The plants in beauty grew:
Thou gav'st refulgent suns to shine,
And mild refreshing dew.

Thy various mercies from above
Matured the swelling grain;
A kindly harvest crowns Thy love,
And plenty fills the plain.

We own and bless Thy gracious sway;
Thy promise still is sure:
Seed-time and harvest, night and day,
And cold and heat endure.

206 "Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above."

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
For the love that crowns our days;
Bounteous Source of every joy,
Let Thy praise our tongues employ:
All to Thee our God we owe,
Source whence all our blessings flow.

All the blessings of the fields,
All the stores the garden yields,
Flocks that whiten all the plain,
Yellow sheaves of ripened grain:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Clouds that drop their kindly dews,
Suns that genial warmth diffuse,
All the plenty summer pours,
Autumn's rich o'erflowing stores:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Peace, prosperity, and health,
Private bliss and public wealth,
Knowledge, with its gladdening streams,
Pure religion's holier beams:
Lord, for these our souls shall raise
Grateful vows and solemn praise.

207 "They joy before Thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter-storms begin;

God, our Maker, doth provide
For our wants to be supplied;
Come to God's own Temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!

We ourselves are God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield;
Wheat and tares together sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
First the blade, and then the ear,
Then the full corn shall appear:
Grant, O Lord of Life, that we
Wholesome grain and pure may be!

For the Lord our God shall come,
And shall take His harvest home!
From His field shall purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
Give His angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In His Garnèr evermore.

Then, thou Church triumphant, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-Home!
All are safely gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
There for ever purified,
In God's Garner to abide:
Come, with thousand Angels, come,
Raise the glorious Harvest-Home! Amen.

208 "The harvest is the end of the world, and the reapers are the angels."

LORD of the harvest, once again
We thank Thee for the ripened grain;
For crops safe carried, sent to cheer
Thy servants through another year;

For all sweet holy thoughts supplied
By seed-time, and by harvest-tide.

The bare dead grain, in autumn sown,
Its robe of vernal green puts on;
Glad from its wintry grave it springs,
Fresh garnished by the King of Kings:
So, Lord, to those who sleep in Thee
Shall new and glorious bodies be.

Nor vainly of Thy Word we ask
A lesson from the reaper's task:
So shall Thine angels issue forth;
The tares be burnt; the just of earth,
To wind and storm exposed no more,
Be gathered to their Father's store.

Daily, O Lord, our prayers be said,
As Thou hast taught, for daily bread:
But not alone our bodies feed,
Supply our fainting spirits' need:
O Bread of Life, from day to day,
Be Thou their Comfort, Food, and Stay!
Amen.

209 "Thou crownest the year with Thy goodness."

O LORD, Whose bounteous hand again
Hath poured Thy gifts in plenty down,
Who all creation dost sustain,
And all the earth with goodness crown:
Lord of the harvest, Thee we own,
Our joy Thy gift, and Thine alone.

O may we ne'er with thankless heart
Forget from Whom our blessings flow:
Still, Lord, Thy heavenly grace impart;
Still teach us what to Thee we owe.

Lord, may our lives with fruits divine
Return Thy care, and prove us Thine.

Lord, grant that each may sow to Thee;
Grant us in endless life to reap:
Of every heart the guardian be:
By day, by night Thy servants keep,
That all to Thee may joy afford
On Thy great harvest-day, O Lord.

The Present Life.

ITS SORROWS, CONFLICTS, AND CONSOLATION.

210 "As thy days, so shall thy strength be."

AS through this wilderness I stray,
Be Thou my light, be Thou my way;
No foes, no evil need I fear,
If Thou, my Lord, my God, art near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my strength in waves of woe,
Saviour, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Teach me, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, to follow Thee;
O let Thy hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill.

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

211 "Fight the good fight of faith, lay hold on eternal life."

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go;
Bear the toil, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the Bread of Life.

Onward, Christians, onward go,
Join the war, and face the foe:
Will ye flee in danger's hour,
Know ye not your Captain's power?

Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry;
Let not fear your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Let your drooping hearts be glad;
March in heavenly armour clad;
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Soon shall victory wake your song.

Onward then to glory move;
More than conquerors ye shall prove;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go!

212 "The Lord knoweth them that are His."

PUT thou Thy trust in God,
In duty's path go on;
Walk in His strength with faith and hope,
So shall thy work be done.

Commit thy ways to Him,
Thy works into His hands,
And rest on His unchanging word,
Who heaven and earth commands.

Though years on years roll on,
His covenant shall endure;
Though clouds and darkness hide His path,
The promised grace is sure.

Through waves and clouds and storms
His power will clear thy way:
Wait thou His time—the darkest night
Shall end in brightest day.

213 "My times are in Thy hand."

IN Thee, O Lord, I trust,
My hope is in Thy Name;
In righteousness deliver me,
Nor put my soul to shame.

From heaven bow down Thine ear,
My cause in mercy plead:
My Rock, my Fortress, my Defence,
Vouchsafe my soul to lead.

From every snare preserve,
From every foe defend;
For Thy Name's sake, O God, my Strength,
Divine protection send.

Into Thy hands, O Lord,
My spirit I commend;
Thou hast redeemed me, God of Truth,
In death be Thou my Friend.

214 "Put on the whole armour of God."

SOLDIERS of Christ, arise,
And put your armour on,
Strong in the strength which God supplies
Through His eternal Son.

Strong in the Lord of Hosts,
And in His mighty power,
Who in the strength of Jesus trusts
Is more than conqueror.

Stand then in His great might,
With all His strength endued;
And take, to arm you for the fight,
The panoply of God:

That having all things done,
And all your conflicts past,
Ye may obtain, through Christ alone,
A crown of joy at last.

215 "I have given thee a wise and understanding heart."

ALMIGHTY God, in humble prayer
To Thee our souls we lift,
Do Thou our waiting minds prepare
For Thy most needful gift.

We ask not golden streams of wealth
Along our path to flow;
We ask not undecaying health,
Nor length of years below.

We ask not honours, which an hour
May bring and take away;
We ask not pleasure, pomp, and power,
Lest we should go astray.

We ask for wisdom: Lord, impart
The knowledge how to live;
A wise and understanding heart
To all before Thee give.

216 "They drank of that Spiritual Rock which followed them: and that Rock was Christ."

WHEN Israel, by Divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too,
And Israel's God is ours.

His Word a light before us spreads,
By which our path we see;
His Love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are Divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and Heaven are mine.

217 "In all thy ways acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths."

BESET with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour Divine, diffuse Thy light
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this wandering, treacherous heart,
Great God, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies,
No fatal shipwreck shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If Thou, my Saviour, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live, and joyful die:
Secure, when mortal comforts flee,
To find eternal joys in Thee.

218 "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

WHEN sorrow casts its shades around,
And pleasure seems our course to shun;
When nought but grief and care are found,
'Tis sweet to say, "Thy will be done."

When sickness lends its pallid hue,
And every dream of bliss has flown,
When quickly from the fading view
Recede the joys that once were known;

The soul resigned will still rejoice,
Though life's last sand has nearly run;
With humble faith and trembling voice
It still responds, "Thy will be done."

Whatever, Lord, Thou hast designed
To bring my soul to Thee, its trust;
If mercies or afflictions kind,
For all Thy dealings, Lord, are just:

Take all! but grant in goodness free,
That love which ne'er Thy stroke would shun;
Support this heart, and strengthen me
To say in faith, "Thy will be done."

219 "Enoch walked with God: and he was not; for God took him."

HE walked with God, in holy joy,
While yet his days were few;
The deep glad spirit of the boy
To love and reverence grew.

Whether, each nightly star to count,
The ancient hills he trode,
Or sought the flowers by stream and fount,
Alike he walked with God.

The graver noon of manhood came,
The full of cares and fears;
One voice was in his heart—the same
It heard through childhood's years.
Amidst fair tents and flocks and swains,
O'er his green pasture-sod,
A shepherd-king on Eastern plains,
The patriarch walked with God.

And calmly, brightly that pure life
Melted from earth away;
No cloud it knew, no parting strife,
No sorrowful decay:
He bowed him not, like all beside,
Unto the spoiler's rod,
But joined at once the glorified,
Where angels walk with God!

220 "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

O LORD, in all our trials here,
Whate'er those trials be,
Help us without one doubt or fear
To cast our care on Thee;

To look from earth to yon bright sky,
And there by faith behold
The glories hid from mortal eye,
To mortal ear untold.

And if contempt, reproach, or loss
We suffer for Thy Name,
Teach us to triumph in the cross,
To glory in the shame.

221 "Thy will be done."

MY God, my Father, while I stray
Far from my home, in life's rough way,
O teach me from my heart to say
"Thy will be done."

If Thou shouldst call me to resign
What most I prize, it ne'er was mine;
I only yield Thee what is Thine;
"Thy will be done."

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With Thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to Thee I leave the rest;
"Thy will be done."

Renew my will from day to day,
Blend it with Thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say
"Thy will be done."

Then, when on earth I breathe no more
The prayer, oft mixed with tears before,
I'll sing, upon a happier shore,
"Thy will be done!"

222 "Whosoever shall confess Me before men, him will I confess also before My Father which is in heaven."

NOT by the martyr's death alone
The saint his crown in heaven has won;
There is a triumph robe on high
For bloodless fields of victory.

What though he was not called to feel
The cross, or flame, or torturing wheel,
Yet daily to the world he died,
His flesh, through grace, he crucified.

What though nor chains, nor scourges sore,
Nor cruel beasts his members tore,
Enough if perfect love arise
To Christ a grateful sacrifice.

Lord, grant us so to Thee to turn,
That we to die through life may learn,
And thus, when life's brief day is o'er,
Rejoice with Thee for evermore.

O Fount of sanctity and love,
O perfect Rest of saints above,
All praise, all glory be to Thee,
Both now and through eternity. Amen.

223 "He hath prepared for them a city."

A PILGRIM here I wander,
On earth have no abode,
My fatherland is yonder,
My home is with my God.
For here I journey to and fro,
There in eternal rest
Will God His gracious gift bestow
On all the toil-opprest.

Then through this life of dangers
I onward take my way;
But in this land of strangers
I do not think to stay.
Still forward on the road I fare
That leads me to my home;
My Father's comfort waits me there,
When I have overcome.

For Thou, my joy and gladness,
O Thou, my Life and Light,
Wilt raise me from this sadness,
This long tempestuous night,
Into the perfect gladsome day,
Where bathed in joy divine,
Among Thy saints, and bright as they,
I too shall ever shine.

There shall I dwell for ever,
Not as a guest alone,
With those who cease there never
To worship at Thy throne:
There in my heritage I rest,
From baser things set free,
And join the chorus of the blest
For ever, Lord, to Thee!

224 "Thou shalt guide me with Thy counsel, and after that receive me with glory."

ALL unseen the Master walketh
By the toiling servant's side;
Comfortable words He speaketh,
While His hands uphold and guide.

Grief, nor pain, nor any sorrow
Rends the heart, to Him unknown;
He to-day, and He to-morrow,
Grace sufficient gives His own.

Holy strivings nerve and strengthen,
Long endurance wins the crown:
When the evening shadows lengthen,
We shall lay our burden down.

225 "We have not an High Priest which cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities.

AS oft, with worn and weary feet,
We tread earth's rugged valley o'er,
The thought how comforting and sweet,
Christ trod this toilsome path before:
Our wants and weaknesses He knows,
From life's first dawning to its close.

Do sickness, feebleness, or pain,
Or sorrow, in our path appear?
The sweet remembrance will remain,
More deeply did He suffer here.
His life, how truly sad and brief,
Filled up with sorrow, pain, and grief!

If Satan tempt our hearts to stray,
And whisper evil things within,
So did he, in the desert way,
Assail our Lord with thoughts of sin;
When worn, and in a feeble hour,
The Tempter came with all his power.

Just such as I, this earth He trod,
With every human ill but sin;
And though indeed the very God,
As I am now, so He has been.
My God, my Saviour, look on me
With pity, love, and sympathy!

226 "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart; and lean not unto thine own understanding."

FATHER of Love, our Guide and Friend,
O lead us gently on,
Until life's trial-time shall end,
And heavenly peace be won.

We know not what the path may be,
As yet by us untrod;
But we can trust our all to Thee,
Our Father and our God.

If called, like Abraham's child, to climb
The hill of sacrifice,
Some angel may be there in time,
Deliverance shall arise.

Or if some darker lot be good,
O teach us to endure
The sorrow, pain, or solitude,
That make the spirit pure.

Christ by no flowery pathway came,
And we His followers here
Must do Thy will and praise Thy Name
In hope, and love, and fear.

And till in Heaven we sinless bow,
And faultless anthems raise,
O Father, Son, and Spirit, now
Accept our feeble praise. Amen.

227 "If we suffer, we shall also reign with Him."

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
If onward ye will tread
With Jesus as your Fellow,
To Jesus as your Head.

O happy, if ye labour
As Jesus did for men:
O happy, if ye hunger
As Jesus hungered then.

The Cross that Jesus carried
He carried as your due:
The Crown that Jesus weareth
He weareth it for you.

The Faith by which ye see Him,
The Hope in which ye yearn,
The Love that through all troubles
To Him alone will turn,—

What are they, but vaunt-couriers
To lead you to His sight?
What are they, save the effluence
Of Uncreated Light?

The trials that beset you,
The sorrows ye endure,
The manifold temptations
That Death alone can cure,—

What are they, but His jewels
Of right celestial worth?
What are they but the ladder
Set up to heaven on earth?

O happy band of pilgrims,
Look upward to the skies;
Where such a light affliction
Shall win you such a prize!

Redemption.

228 "Jesus saith unto Him, I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

THOU art the Way; by Thee alone
From sin and death we flee;
And he who would the Father seek
Must seek Him, Lord, by Thee.

Thou art the Truth; Thy word alone
  True wisdom can impart;
Thou only canst inform the mind,
  And purify the heart.

Thou art the Life; the rending tomb
  Proclaims Thy conquering arm;
And those who put their trust in Thee
  Nor death nor hell shall harm.

Thou art the Way, the Truth, the Life,
  Grant us that Way to know,
That Truth to keep, that Life to win,
  Whose joys eternal flow. Amen.

229 "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

JESUS! exalted far on high,
  To whom a Name is given,
A Name surpassing every name
  That's named in earth or heaven;

Before whose throne shall every knee
  Bow down with one accord;
Before whose throne shall every tongue
  Confess that Thou art Lord;

Jesus! who in the form of God
  Didst equal honour claim;
Yet, to redeem our guilty souls,
  Didst stoop to death and shame;—

O may that mind be formed in us
  Which shone so bright in Thee;
May we be humble, lowly, meek,
  From pride and envy free:

May we to others stoop, and learn
To emulate Thy love;
So shall we bear Thine image here,
And share Thy throne above.

230 "It shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God; we have waited for Him, and He will save us."

O GOD, Thy grace and blessing give
To us who on Thy Name attend,
That we this mortal life may live
Regardful of our journey's end.

Teach us to know that Jesus died,
And rose again, our souls to save;
Teach us to take Him as our Guide,
Our Help from childhood to the grave.

Then shall not death with terror come,
But welcome as a bidden guest,
The herald of a better home,
The messenger of peace and rest.

And when the awful signs appear
Of Judgment and the Throne above,
Our hearts still fixed, we shall not fear;
God is our trust, and God is Love.

231 "Unto you that fear My Name shall the Sun of Righteousness arise."

CHRIST, Whose glory fills the skies,
Christ, the true, the only Light,
Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Triumph o'er the shades of night;
Dayspring from on high be near,
Daystar in my heart appear.

Dark and cheerless is the morn
  Unaccompanied by Thee;
Joyless is the day's return
  Till Thy mercy's beams I see,
Till they inward light impart,
Glad my eyes, and warm my heart.

Visit then this soul of mine;
  Pierce the gloom of sin and grief;
Fill me, Radiancy Divine;
  Scatter all my unbelief;
More and more Thyself display,
Shining to the perfect day. Amen.

232 "In due season we shall reap, if we faint not."

FAINT not, Christian, though the road
  Leading to thy blest abode
Darksome be, and dangerous too;
Christ, thy Guide, will bring thee through.

Faint not, Christian, though, in rage,
Satan would thy soul engage;
Gird on faith's anointed shield,
Bear it to the battle-field.

Faint not, Christian, though the world
Has its hostile flag unfurled;
Hold the Cross of Jesus fast,
Thou shalt overcome at last.

Faint not, Christian, though within
There's a heart so prone to sin;
Christ the Lord is over all,
He'll not suffer thee to fall.

233 "Unto Him that loved us be glory and dominion for ever and ever."

HOW hath He loved us?—Ask the star
That, on its wondrous mission sped,
Hung trembling o'er that manger-scene,
Where He, the Eternal, bowed His head;
He, Who of earth doth seal the doom,
Found in her lowliest inn no room.

Judea's mountains, lift your voice,
Deep legends of His love to tell;
Thou favoured Olivet, so oft
At prayerful midnights loved so well;
And Cedron's brook, whose rippling wave
Frequent His wearied feet did lave.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the band
That fled His woes with faithless haste;
Ask the weak friend's denial-tone,
Scarce by His bitterest tears effaced;
Ask of the traitor's kiss, and see
What Jesus hath endured for thee.

Ask of Gethsemane, whose dews
Shrank from that moisture strangely red,
Which, in that unwatched hour of pain,
His agonizing temples shed;
The scourge, the thorn, whose anguish sore,
Like the unanswering lamb, He bore.

How hath He loved us?—Ask the Cross,
The Roman spear, the shrouded sky;
Ask of the sheeted dead, who burst
Their cerements at His fearful cry:—
Oh, ask no more; but bow Thy pride,
And yield thy heart to Him who died.

234 "In Him we have redemption through His blood, even the forgiveness of sins."

WHEN wounded sore the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only Hand, a piercèd Hand,
Can salve the sinner's wound.

When sorrow swells the laden breast,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only Heart, a broken Heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.

When penitence has wept in vain
Over some foul dark spot,
One only stream, a stream of Blood,
Can wash away the blot.

'Tis Jesu's Blood that washes white,
His Hand that brings relief,
His Heart that's touched with all our joys,
And feeleth for our grief.

Lift up Thy bleeding Hand, O Lord,
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.

235 "What I do thou knowest not now; but thou shalt know hereafter."

GOD moves in a mysterious way
His wonders to perform;
He plants His footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up His bright designs,
And works His sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and shall break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust Him for His grace:
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan His work in vain;
God is His own interpreter,
And He will make it plain.

236 "Behold, thy King cometh unto thee; He is just, and having salvation."

COME, my soul, thy suit prepare;
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He Himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not say thee nay.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For His grace and power are such,
None can ever ask too much.

With my burden I begin;
Lord, remove this load of sin;
Let Thy blood, for sinners spilt,
Set my conscience free from guilt.

Lord, I come to Thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There Thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let Thy love my spirit cheer;
As my Guide, my Guard, my Friend,
Lead me to my journey's end. Amen.

237 "Wisdom is the principal thing, therefore get wisdom."

ENSNARED too oft my soul hath been
In folly's hurtful ways;
O may I now at length begin
To hear what Wisdom says!

'Tis Jesus, from the mercy-seat,
Invites me to His rest;
He calls poor sinners to His feet,
To make them truly blest.

Approach, my soul, to Wisdom's gates
While it is called to-day;
Not one who watches there, and waits,
Shall e'er be turned away.

He will not let me seek in vain,
For all who trust His word
Shall everlasting life obtain,
And favour from the Lord.

238 "O send out Thy light and Thy truth: let them lead me."

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light,
Search, prove my heart, it longs for Thee:
O burst these bonds and set it free!

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be Thou my Light, be Thou my Way;
No foes, no violence I fear,
No danger while my God is near.

When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
Jesu, Thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart.

Saviour, where'er Thy steps I see,
Dauntless, untired, I follow Thee:
O let Thy Hand support me still,
And lead me to Thy holy hill. Amen.

239 "The Lord is faithful, who shall stablish you, and keep you from evil."

O LORD, I long Thy Face to see,
My thoughts for ever dwell with Thee:
Come, draw my heart, constrain my will,
And send me help from Sion's hill.

Oh, who shall now my freedom win,
And save me from this yoke of sin?
My God, for Thee my soul doth thirst,
For Thou alone my bonds canst burst.

Lord, on Thy child compassion take,
My sins blot out for Jesu's sake;
That thus my spirit more and more
With free ascent to heaven may soar.

Let every thought and feeling be
Henceforth directed, Lord, to Thee:
Let heart and mind, by Thee possest,
Now seek in Thee alone their rest.

240 "Hope to the end for the grace that is to be brought unto you at the revelation of Jesus Christ."

CHRIST to my heart true joy can give,
Christ who was born that I might live;
He saves me from the pains of hell,
He deigns e'en here with me to dwell,

And, when from earth I wing my flight,
Will take me to Himself in light.

Jesus! Thy Name alone hath power
To cheer me in affliction's hour;
If Thou dost in my soul abide,
I ask for nought on earth beside:
Thou art my Fortress, Tower, and Rock,
My strong Defence in every shock.

When soul and body both shall fail,
No terrors shall my mind assail;
For Thou shalt be my Hope and Stay,
My Saviour in that solemn day:
Through Thee I'm victor in the strife,
And find in death the gate of life.

241 "Him that cometh to me I will in no wise cast out."

COME, said Jesu's sacred voice,
Come, and make My paths your choice,
I will guide you to your home;
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou, who houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast born the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye who, tost on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain;
Ye whose swoln and sleepless eyes
Watch to see the morning rise:

Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In strong remorse for guilt who mourn,
Here repose your heavy care:
A wounded spirit who can bear?

Sinner, come, for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound;
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

242 "He arose and said to the sea, Peace, be still."

FEAR was within the tossing bark,
When stormy winds grew loud,
And waves came rolling high and dark,
And the tall mast was bowed.

And men stood breathless in their dread,
And baffled in their skill;
But One was there, Who rose and said
To the wild sea, "Be still!"

And the wind ceased—it ceased—that word
Passed through the gloomy sky;
The troubled billows knew their Lord,
And sank beneath His eye.

Thou that didst bow the billow's pride
Thy mandates to fulfil,
So speak to passion's raging tide,
Speak, and say, "Peace, be still!"

243 "Jesus spake unto them, saying, Be of good cheer; it is I; be not afraid."

FIERCE was the wild billow,
Dark was the night,
Oars laboured heavily,
Foam glimmered white;
Trembled the mariners,
Peril was high;
Then said the God of God,
"Peace! It is I!"

Ridge of the mountain-wave,
  Lower thy crest;
Wail of Euroclydon,
  Be thou at rest!
Sorrow can never be,
  Darkness must fly,
Where saith the Light of Light,
  "Peace! It is I!"

Jesu, Deliverer,
  Come Thou to me;
Soothe Thou my voyaging
  Over life's sea:
Thou, when the storm of Death
  Roars, sweeping by,
Whisper, O Truth of Truth,
  "Peace! It is I!"

244 "If we walk in the light, as He is in the light, we have fellowship one with another; and the blood of Jesus Christ His Son cleanseth us from all sin."

WALK in the light, so shalt thou know
  That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow
  Who reigns in Light above.

Walk in the light, and sin abhorred
  Shall ne'er defile again;
The Blood of Jesus Christ the Lord
  Shall cleanse from every stain.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt find
  Thy heart made truly His,
Who dwells in cloudless Light enshrined,
  In Whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light, and thou shalt own
Thy darkness past away,
Because the Light hath on thee shone
In which is perfect Day.

Walk in the light, and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath conquered there.

245 "Unto you which believe, He is precious."

HOW sweet the Name of Jesus sounds
In a believer's ear!
It soothes his sorrows, heals his wounds,
And drives away his fear.

It makes the wounded spirit whole,
And calms the troubled breast;
'Tis manna to the hungry soul,
And to the weary rest.

Dear Name! the rock on which I build,
My shield and hiding-place,
My never-failing treasury, filled
With boundless stores of grace.

Jesus! my Shepherd, Husband, Friend,
My Prophet, Priest, and King,
My Lord, my Life, my Way, mine End,
Accept the praise I bring.

Weak is the effort of my heart,
And cold my warmest thought;
But when I see Thee as Thou art
I'll praise Thee as I ought.

Till then I would Thy love proclaim
With every fleeting breath;
And may the music of Thy Name
Refresh my soul in death. Amen.

246 "Thou shalt have none other gods but Me."

O FOR a closer walk with God,
A calm and heavenly frame;
A light to shine upon the road
That leads me to the Lamb!

Where is the blessedness I knew
When first I saw the Lord?
Where is the soul-refreshing view
Of Jesus and His word?

What peaceful hours I then enjoyed!
How sweet their memory still!
But now I find an aching void
The world can never fill.

Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet messenger of rest!
I hate the sins that made Thee mourn,
And drove Thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
Whate'er that idol be,
Help me to tear it from Thy throne,
And worship only Thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
Calm and serene my frame;
So purer light shall mark the road
That leads me to the Lamb.

247 "Blessed are those servants whom the Lord when He cometh shall find watching."

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office, wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame;
Gird up your loins as in His sight,
For awful is His Name.

Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found;
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honour crowned.

248 "Quit you like men."

AWAKE, our souls, away, our fears,
Let every trembling thought begone;
Awake, and run the heavenly race,
And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 'tis a strait and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God
That feeds the strength of every saint:

The mighty God, whose matchless power
Is ever new and ever young;
And firm endures while endless years
Their everlasting circles run.

From Thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away and droop and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air
We'll mount aloft to Thine abode:
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

249 "The will of the Lord be done."

THY way, not mine, O Lord,
However dark it be!
Lead me by Thine own Hand,
Choose out the path for me.

Smooth let it be or rough,
It will be still the best;
Winding or straight, it leads
Right onward to Thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot;
I would not if I might:
Choose Thou for me, my God,
So shall I walk aright.

The Kingdom that I seek
Is Thine; so let the way
That leads to it be Thine,
Else I must surely stray.

Take Thou my cup, and it
With joy or sorrow fill,
As best to Thee may seem;
Choose Thou my good and ill.

Choose Thou for me my friends,
My sickness or my health;
Choose Thou my cares for me,
My poverty or wealth.

Not mine, not mine the choice
In things or great or small;
Be Thou my Guide, my Strength,
My Wisdom, and my All! Amen.

250 "I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in us."

O WHAT, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be
When we have born the Cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
When martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below:

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where on the bosom of their God
They rest in perfect love.

Lord, may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here:

Enough if Thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath Thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

All glory, Lord, to Thee,
Whom heaven and earth adore;
To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
One God for evermore. Amen.

251 "Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."

LORD, as to Thy dear Cross we flee
And plead to be forgiven,
So let Thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear;
Like Thee, to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as Thine.

If joy shall at Thy bidding fly,
And grief's dark day come on,
We in our turn would meekly cry,
"Father, Thy will be done."

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
O may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow Thee to heaven. Amen.

252 "Jesus said, Come unto Me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

WITH tearful eyes I look around;
Life seems a dark and stormy sea;
Yet, midst the gloom I hear a sound,
A heavenly whisper, Come to Me!

It tells me of a place of rest,
  It tells me where my soul may flee:
Oh, to the weary, faint, opprest,
  How sweet the bidding, Come to Me!

When against sin I strive in vain,
  And cannot from its yoke get free,
Sinking beneath the heavy chain,
  The words arrest me, Come to Me!

When nature shudders, loth to part
  From all I love, enjoy, and see;
When a faint chill steals o'er my heart,
  A sweet voice utters, Come to Me!

Come, for all else must fail and die;
  Earth is no resting-place for thee;
Heavenward direct thy weeping eye;
  I am thy portion; Come to Me!

O voice of Mercy, voice of Love,
  In conflict, grief, and agony,
Support me, cheer me from above,
  And gently whisper, Come to Me! Amen.

253 "Unto you which believe, He is precious."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
  Art thou sore distrest?
"Come to Me," saith One, "and coming,
    Be at rest!"

Hath He marks to lead me to Him,
  If He be my Guide?
"In His Feet and Hands are wound-prints,
    And His Side."

Is there diadem, as Monarch,
That His Brow adorns?
"Yea, a crown, in very surety,
But of thorns."

If I find Him, if I follow,
What reward is here?
"Many a sorrow, many a labour,
Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to Him,
What hath He at last?
"Sorrow vanquished, labour ended,
Jordan past."

If I ask Him to receive me,
Will He say me nay?
"Not till earth and not till heaven
Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
Is He sure to bless?
"Angels, Martyrs, Prophets, Virgins
Answer, Yes!"

Death and Burial.

254 "Here we have no continuing city."

BENEATH our feet and o'er our head
Is equal warning given;
Beneath us lie the countless dead,
Above us is the heaven.

Their names are graven on the stone,
They lie beneath the clay;
And ere another day is gone,
Ourselves may be as they.

Death rides on every passing breeze,
And lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.

Turn, Christian, turn, thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The dead that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven!

255 "They which are fallen asleep in Christ."

ASLEEP in Jesus! blessed sleep,
From which none ever wakes to weep;
A calm and undisturbed repose,
Unbroken by the last of foes.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, how sweet
To be for such a slumber meet;
With holy confidence to sing
That death has lost his venomed sting.

Asleep in Jesus! peaceful rest,
Whose waking is supremely blest:
No fear, no woe shall dim that hour
That manifests the Saviour's power.

Asleep in Jesus! time nor space
Destroys this precious hiding-place:
On Indian plains or Lapland snows
Believers find the same repose.

Asleep in Jesus! oh, for me
May such a blissful refuge be!
Securely shall my ashes lie,
Waiting the summons from on high.

256 "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of His saints."

CHRIST will gather in His own
To the place where He is gone,
Where their heart and treasure lie,
Where our life is hid on high.

Day by day the voice saith "Come,
Enter thine eternal home;"
Asking not if we can spare
Each dear soul it summons there.

Had He asked us, well we know
We should cry, O spare this blow!
Yes, with streaming tears should pray,
"Lord, we love him, let him stay!"

But the Lord doth nought amiss,
And since He hath ordered this,
We have nought to do but still
Rest in silence on His will.

Many a heart no longer here,
Ah, was all too inly dear;
Yet, O Love, 'tis Thou dost call,
Thou wilt be our All in all.

The Transfiguration.

257 "He was transfigured before them."

THE choirs of ransomed Israel,
The Red sea's passage o'er,
Upraised the hymn of triumph
Upon the further shore,
And shouted, as the foeman
Was whelmed beneath the sea,
'Sing we to Judah's Saviour,
For glorified is He!'

Amongst His Twelve Apostles
Christ spake the words of Life,
And shewed a realm of beauty
Beyond a world of strife:
'When all My Father's glory
Shall shine expressed in Me,
Then praise Him, then exalt Him,
For magnified is He!'

Upon the Mount of Tabor,
The promise was made good;
When, baring all the Godhead,
In light itself He stood:
And they, in awe beholding,
The Apostolic Three,
Sang out to God their Saviour,
For magnified was He!

In days of old, on Sinai,
The Lord of Sabaoth came,
In majesty of terror,
In thunder-cloud and flame:
On Tabor, with the glory
Of sunniest light for vest,
The excellence of beauty
In Jesus was expressed.

All hours and days inclined there,
And did Thee worship meet;
The sun himself adored Thee,
And bowed him at Thy feet;
While Moses and Elias,
Upon the Holy Mount,
The co-eternal glory
Of Christ our God recount.

O holy, wondrous Vision!
But what, when this life past,
The beauty of Mount Tabor
Shall end in Heaven at last?
But what, when all the glory
Of uncreated light
Shall be the promised guerdon
Of them that win the fight?

The Future Life.

258 "Thou shalt call thy walls Salvation, and thy gates Praise."

HEAR what God the Lord hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.
Thorns of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls Salvation,
And your gates shall all be Praise.

"There, like streams that feed the garden,
Pleasures without end shall flow;
For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
All His bounty shall bestow;
There in undisturbed possession
Peace and righteousness shall reign;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

"Ye no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see;
But your griefs for ever ending,
Find eternal noon in me:

God shall rise, and shining o'er ye,
Change to day the gloom of night;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

259 "Then shall the righteous shine forth as the sun, in the kingdom of their Father."

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise,
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

There pain and sickness never come,
And grief no more complains:
Health triumphs in immortal bloom,
And endless pleasure reigns.

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair;
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above!

Prepare us, Lord, by grace divine,
For Thy bright courts on high;
Then bid us joyful rise, and join
The chorus of the sky. Amen.

260 "There shall be no night there."

THERE is a region lovelier far
Than sages tell or poets sing,
Brighter than summer's beauties are,
And softer than the tints of spring.

It is not found by summer's gale,
'Tis not refreshed by vernal showers;
It never needs the moonbeam pale,
For there are known no evening hours.

No; for this world is ever bright
With a pure radiance all its own;
The streams of uncreated light
Flow round it from the eternal Throne.

It is all holy and serene,
The land of glory and repose;
No cloud obscures the radiant scene;
There not a tear of sorrow flows.

In vain the philosophic eye
May seek to view the fair abode,
Or find it in the curtained sky:
It is the Dwelling-place of God!

261 "God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

THERE is an hour of peaceful rest
To mourning wanderers given;
There is a joy for souls distrest,
A balm for every wounded breast;
'Tis found above—in Heaven.

There is a soft, a downy bed,
Far from these shades of even;
A couch for weary mortals spread,
Where they may rest their aching head,
And find repose—in Heaven.

There is a home for weeping souls
By sin and sorrow driven,

When tost on life's tempestuous shoals,
When storms arise, and ocean rolls,
And all is drear—'tis Heaven!

There Faith lifts up her cheerful eye,
The heart no longer riven,
And views the tempest passing by,
The evening shadows quickly fly,
And all serene in Heaven.

There fragrant flowers immortal bloom,
And joys supreme are given;
There rays divine disperse the gloom:
Beyond the confines of the tomb
Appears the dawn of Heaven!

262 "I saw no temple therein, for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the temple of it."

THERE is a City built on high,
In that bright world where seraphs sing;
And there the children of the sky
Their honour and their glory bring.

Its walls all precious stones combine,
Its gates their leaves of pearl unfold;
Its holy mansions far outshine
Transparent glass and burnished gold.

Within its streets no temples rise,
Its temple is the God of grace;
No sun is needed in its skies,
Its light is from Immanuel's face.

There dwells the Church in heavenly rest,
Their glorious bodies formed anew,
Their spirits with His image blest,
Their numbers more than morning dew.

In that bright city I would dwell,
With that blest Church the Saviour praise;
And, safe redeemed from death and hell,
Sit at His feet through endless days.

263 "There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

THERE is a blessèd Home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

There is a land of peace,
Good angels know it well;
Glad songs that never cease
Within its portals swell;
Around its glorious Throne
Ten thousand saints adore
Christ, with the Father One
And Spirit, evermore.

O joy all joys beyond,
To see the Lamb who died,
And count each sacred Wound
In Hands, and Feet, and Side;
To give to Him the praise
Of every triumph won,
And sing through endless days
The great things He hath done.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above. Amen.

264 "When shall I come to appear before the presence of God?"

JERUSALEM, my happy home,
Name ever dear to me,
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

When shall these eyes Thy heaven-built walls
And pearly gates behold?
Thy bulwarks, with salvation strong,
And streets of shining gold?

Apostles, Martyrs, Prophets, there
Around my Saviour stand;
And all I love in Christ below
Will join the glorious band.

Jerusalem, my happy home,
When shall I come to thee?
When shall my labours have an end?
Thy joys when shall I see?

O Christ, do Thou my soul prepare
For that bright home of love;
That I may see Thee and adore,
With all Thy saints above. Amen.

265 "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

LIGHT'S abode, Celestial Salem,
Vision whence true peace doth spring,
Brighter than the heart can fancy,
Mansion of the highest King;
O how glorious are the praises
Which of Thee the Prophets sing!

There for ever and for ever
Alleluia is outpoured;
For unending, for unbroken,
Is the feast-day of the Lord:
All is pure and all is holy
That within Thy walls is stored.

There no cloud nor passing vapour
Dims the brightness of the air;
Endless noonday, glorious noonday,
From the Sun of suns is there:
There night needs not rest from labour,
For unknown are toil and care.

There the everlasting spring-tide
Sheds its dewy green repose;
There the summer, in its glory,
Cloudless and eternal glows;
For that country never knoweth
Autumn's storms nor winter's snows.

Whatsoever trills of gladness
From the sweet birds' sweetest throat;
Whatsoe'er delicious concord
Drops from music's tenderest note:
Strains a thousand times more lovely
Round the heavenly City float.

Youth with all its freshest vigour
Into age there cannot wane,
There the old man shall not sorrow
For departed years again:
Nothing past, and nothing future,
Time doth present still remain.

266 "Blessed are they that do His commandments, that they may have right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

O HOW blessed, O how quickening,
Is the Fount of all good things,
Whence each heart hath full possession
Of its best imaginings,
Whence hath body, whence hath spirit,
What their highest rapture brings!

O how glorious and resplendent,
Fragile body, shalt thou be,
When endued with so much beauty,
Full of health, and strong, and free,
Full of vigour, full of pleasure,
That shall last eternally!

Now with gladness, now with courage,
Bear the burden on thee laid,
That hereafter these thy labours
May with endless gifts be paid;
And in everlasting glory
Thou with joy mayst stand arrayed!

267 "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

THE world is very evil,
The times are waxing late:
Be sober and keep vigil,
The Judge is at the gate:

The Judge That comes in mercy,
  The Judge That comes with might,
To terminate the evil,
  To diadem the right.

When the just and gentle Monarch
  Shall summon from the tomb,
Let man, the guilty, tremble,
  For Man, the God, shall doom.

Arise, arise, good Christian,
  Let right to wrong succeed;
Let penitential sorrow
  To heavenly gladness lead;

To the light that hath no evening,
  That knows nor moon nor sun,
The light so new and golden,
  The light that is but one.

And when the Sole-Begotten
  Shall render up once more
The kingdom to the Father
  Whose own it was before;

Then glory yet unheard of
  Shall shed abroad its ray,
Resolving all enigmas,
  An endless Sabbath-day. Amen.

268 "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

BRIEF life is here our portion;
  Brief sorrow, short-lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
  The tearless life, is *there*.

O happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest:
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.

Their one and only anthem,
The fulness of His love,
Who gives, instead of torment,
Eternal joys above:

Instead of torment, glory;
Instead of death, that life
Wherewith your happy Country,
True Israelites, is rife.

There grief is turned to pleasure,
Such pleasure as below
No human voice can utter,
No human heart can know:

And after fleshly scandal,
And after this world's night,
And after storm and whirlwind,
Is calm, and joy, and light.

And now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown.

And there is David's Fountain,
And life in fullest glow,
And there the light is golden,
And milk and honey flow:

The light that hath no evening,
The health that hath no sore,
The life that hath no ending,
But lasteth evermore. Amen.

269 "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

O ONE, O only Mansion!
O Paradise of Joy!
Where tears are ever banished,
And smiles have no alloy.

Jerusalem the golden,
With milk and honey blest,
Beneath Thy contemplation
Sink heart and voice opprest.

I know not, oh, I know not
What joys await us there;
What radiancy of glory,
What light beyond compare.

And when I fain would sing them,
My spirit fails and faints,
And vainly would it image
The assembly of the Saints.

They stand, those halls of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng:

The Prince is ever in them;
The daylight is serene;
The pastures of the blessèd
Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the Throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for ever
Are clad in robes of white.

There God our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
We then shall see for ever,
And worship face to face. Amen.

Miscellaneous.

270 "He sendeth forth His commandment upon earth."

OH, blest were the accents of early creation,
When the word of Jehovah came down from above;
In the clods of the earth to infuse animation,
And wake their cold atoms to life and to love!

And mighty the tones which the firmament rended,
When, on wheels of the thunder and wings of the wind,
By lightning and hail and thick darkness attended,
He uttered on Sinai His laws to mankind.

And sweet was the voice of the Firstborn of heaven,
(Though poor His apparel, though earthly His form,)
Who said to the mourner, "Thy sins are forgiven,"
"Be whole" to the sick, and "Be still" to the storm.

O Judge of the world, when, arrayed in Thy glory,
Thy summons again shall be heard from on high,
While nature stands trembling and naked before Thee,
And waits on Thy sentence to live or to die:
When the heaven shall fly fast from the sound of Thy thunder,
And the sun in Thy lightnings grow languid and pale,
And the sea yield her dead, and the tomb cleave asunder,
In the hour of Thy terrors let mercy prevail!

271 "Blessed are they that hear the word of God, and keep it."

HAPPY are they to whom the Lord
His gracious Name makes known,
And by His Spirit and His Word
Adopts them for His own.

He calls them to His mercy-seat,
And hears their humble prayer;
And when within His house they meet,
They find His presence near.

When cheered with faith's sublimer joys,
They mount on eagles' wings,
They can disdain, as children's toys,
The pride and pomp of kings.

Dear Lord, assist our souls to pay
The debt of praise we owe,
That we enjoy a gospel day,
And heaven begun below.

272 "Lord, teach us to pray."

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
Uttered or unexpressed;
The motion of a hidden fire
That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burthen of a sigh,
The falling of a tear,
The upward glancing of an eye
When none but God is near.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice
Returning from his ways,
While angels in their songs rejoice,
And cry, Behold he prays!

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
The Christian's native air,
His watchword at the gates of death;
He enters heaven by prayer.

O Thou, by Whom we come to God,
The Life, the Truth, the Way!
The path of prayer Thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray.

273 "Behold how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."

GOOD and pleasant 'tis to see
Brethren dwell in unity,
When the law which Jesus taught
Rules each word and deed and thought.

Sun of Righteousness, arise,
Shine on our benighted eyes;
To Thy Church Thy light unfold,
That the nations may behold.

Jesu! Head of Christians all!
Grant that we, both great and small,
Through Thy Gospel's light divine,
May be one and wholly Thine.

Bring back all that go astray,
Heavenly Shepherd, to Thy way;
'Neath Thy favour and Thy light
All Thy pasture-sheep unite.

274 "Thy Name is as ointment poured forth."

JESU, the very thought of Thee
With sweetness fills the breast;
But sweeter far Thy Face to see,
And in Thy presence rest.

No voice can sing, no heart can frame,
Nor can the memory find
A sweeter sound than Jesu's Name,
The Saviour of mankind.

O Hope of every contrite heart,
O Joy of all the meek,
To those who fall how kind Thou art,
How good to those who seek!

But what to those who find? Ah! this
Nor tongue nor pen can show;
The love of Jesus, what it is
None but His loved ones know.

Jesu, our only Joy be Thou,
As Thou our Prize wilt be;
In Thee be all our glory now,
And through eternity.

275 "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal."

THE roseate hues of early dawn,
The brightness of the day,
The crimson of the sunset sky,
How fast they fade away!
Oh, for the pearly gates of heaven,
Oh, for the golden floor,
Oh, for the Sun of Righteousness,
That setteth nevermore!

The highest hopes we cherish here,
How fast they tire and faint;
How many a spot defiles the robe
That wraps an earthly saint!
Oh, for a heart that never sins,
Oh, for a soul washed white,
Oh, for a voice to praise our King,
Nor weary day nor night.

Here faith is ours, and heavenly hope,
And grace to lead us higher;
But there are perfectness, and peace,
Beyond our best desire.
Oh, by Thy love, and anguish, Lord,
And by Thy life laid down,
Grant that we fall not from Thy grace,
Nor cast away our crown. Amen.

276 "There is none other Name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved."

TO the Name of our Salvation
Laud and honour let us pay;
Which for many a generation
Hid in God's foreknowledge lay,
But with holy exultation
We may sing aloud to-day.

Jesus is the Name we treasure;
Name beyond what words can tell;
Name of gladness, Name of pleasure,
Ear and heart delighting well;
Name of sweetness, passing measure,
Saving us from sin and hell.

'Tis the Name for adoration,
Name for songs of victory,
Name for holy meditation
In this vale of misery,
Name for joyful veneration
By the citizens on high.

'Tis the Name that whoso preacheth
Speaks like music to the ear;
Who in prayer this Name beseecheth
Sweetest comfort findeth near;
Who its perfect wisdom reacheth
Heavenly joy possesseth here.

Jesus is the Name exalted
Over every other name;
In this Name, whene'er assaulted,
We can put our foes to shame;
Strength to them who else had halted,
Eyes to blind, and feet to lame.

Therefore we in love adoring
This most blessèd Name revere;
Holy Jesu, Thee imploring
So to write it in us here,
That hereafter heavenward soaring
We may sing with angels there. Amen.

277 "Of Whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."

LET saints on earth in concert sing
With those whose work is done;
For all the servants of our King
In heaven and earth are one.

One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath;
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the Living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

E'en now to their eternal home
There pass some spirits blest;
While others to the margin come,
Waiting their call to rest.

Jesu, be Thou our constant Guide;
Then, when the word is given,
Bid Jordan's narrow stream divide,
And bring us safe to heaven. Amen.

278 "Lord, save us."

JESU, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry.

Pardon our offences,
Loose our captive chains,
Break down every idol
Which our soul detains.

Give us holy freedom,
Fill our hearts with love;
Draw us, Holy Jesus,
To the realms above.

Lead us on our journey,
Be Thyself the Way
Through terrestrial darkness
To celestial day.

Jesu, meek and gentle,
Son of God most high,
Pitying, loving Saviour,
Hear Thy children's cry. Amen.

279 "Blessed is he whosoever shall not be offended in me."

JESUS! and shall it ever be,
A mortal man ashamed of Thee?
Ashamed of Thee, whom angels praise,
Whose glories shine through endless days?

Ashamed of Jesus! sooner far
Let evening blush to own her star:
He sheds the beams of light divine
O'er this benighted soul of mine.

Ashamed of Jesus! that dear Friend,
On whom my hopes of heaven depend!
No! when I blush, be this my shame,
That I no more revere His Name.

Ashamed of Jesus! Yes, I may,
When I've no guilt to wash away,
No tears to wipe, no good to crave,
No fears to quell, no soul to save.

Till then—nor is the boasting vain—
Till then, I boast a Saviour slain!
And O may this my glory be,
That Christ is not ashamed of me!

280 "Our conversation is in heaven."

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings;
While peace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

He waits in secret on his God,
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time,
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of sinners climb.

He looks to Heaven's eternal hill,
To meet that glorious day;
And patient waits his Saviour's will,
To fetch his soul away.

281 "Our Father which art in heaven."

IN holy contemplation
We sweetly may pursue
The theme of God's salvation,
And find it ever new:
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
E'en let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through:
Who gives the lilies clothing
Will clothe His people too;
Beneath the spreading heavens
No creature but is fed;
And He, who feeds the ravens,
Will give His children bread.

Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear;
Though all the field should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there;
Yet, God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

282 "The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of Thy Godhead here;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who ere life's earliest dawn
On me Thy choice hast gently laid;
O Love, who here as man wast born
And like to us in all things made;
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

O Love, who once in Time wast slain,
Pierced through and through with bitter woe;
O Love, who wrestling thus didst gain
That we eternal joy might know;

O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.
O Love, who once shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours;
O Love, who once above yon skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers:
O Love, I give myself to Thee,
Thine ever, only Thine to be.

283 "Whoso offereth me thanks and praise, he honoureth me."

NOW thank we all our God,
With heart and hands and voices,
Who wondrous things hath done,
In Whom His world rejoices;
Who from our mother's arms
Hath blessed us on our way
With countless gifts of love,
And still is ours to-day.

O may this bounteous God
Through all our life be near us,
With ever joyful hearts
And blessèd peace to cheer us;
And keep us in His grace,
And guide us when perplexed,
And free us from all ills
In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
The Father, now be given,
The Son, and Him who reigns
With them in highest heaven,
The One eternal God,
Whom earth and heaven adore,
For thus it was, is now,
And shall be evermore. Amen.

284 "It is a good thing to give thanks unto the Lord."

ALL praise and thanks to God most high,
The Father of all Love,
The God who doeth wondrously,
The God who from above
My soul with richest solace fills,
The God who every sorrow stills;
Give to our God the glory!

The hosts of heaven Thy praises tell,
All thrones bow down to Thee,
And all who in Thy shadow dwell,
In earth and air and sea,
Declare and laud their Maker's might,
Whose wisdom orders all things right;
Give to our God the glory!

I sought Him in my hour of need;
Lord God, now hear my prayer!
For death He gave me life indeed,
And comfort for despair;
For this my thanks shall endless be,
O thank Him, thank Him too with me;
Give to our God the glory!

The Lord is never far away,
Nor sundered from His flock;
He is their refuge and their stay,
Their peace, their trust, their rock,
And with a mother's watchful love
He guides them wheresoe'er they rove:
Give to our God the glory!

All ye who name Christ's holy Name,
Give to our God the glory!
Ye who the Father's power proclaim,
Give to our God the glory!

All idols under foot be trod,
The Lord is God! The Lord is God!
Give to our God the glory!

285 "What things were gain to me, those I counted loss for Christ."

COMPARED with Christ, in all beside
No comeliness I see;
The one thing needful, dearest Lord,
Is to be one with Thee.
The sense of Thy expiring Love
Into my soul convey;
Thyself bestow: for Thee alone
I simply, solely pray.

Whatever else Thy will withholds,
Here grant me to succeed!
O let Thyself my portion be,
And I am blest indeed!
Less than Thyself will not suffice
My comfort to restore;
More than Thyself I cannot have;
And Thou canst give no more.

Loved of my God, for Him again
With love intense I burn;
Chosen of Thee ere time began,
I choose Thee in return!
Whate'er consists not with Thy love,
O teach me to resign:
I'm rich to all the intents of bliss,
If Thou, O God, art mine!

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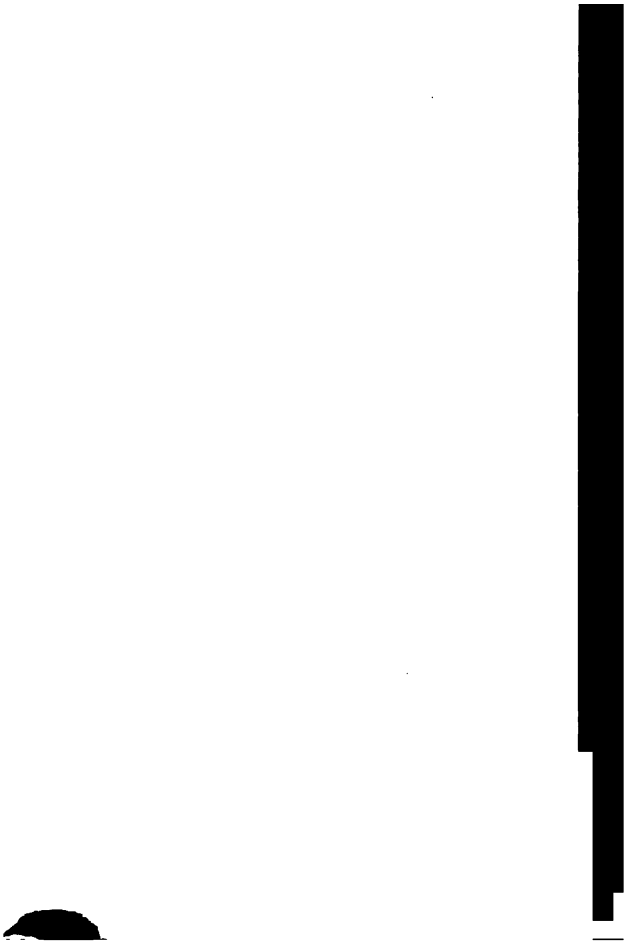

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